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Rec'd this from the binder, July 3d 1868. $1.00

№ 1.

— 12 Aquatints, colored by hand. — cost $4.50, in Venice. These Views are of Venice, as seen today, after all her vicissitudes of Decline and Fall. And to those who have seen her, and are familiar with her strange eventful history, they will recal vividly, memories and musings, such as no other spot on this 'Footstool,' can conjure up.

Carlo Ponti, —

VIEWS IN VENICE.

— 12 Views, by a Venitian Artist, — Antonio Lazzari, — I bought them in St Marks Place, in the autumn of 1844, — I was there as Chief Mate of a Boston Ship, with a cargo of Cotton, — Venice had been from my boyhood, — [when I read the mournful tale of the Doge Foscari, and his tortured son] — a sort of fairy City of the mind. — And when I first stood on the Square of St Mark, I was like the Moslem when he first stands in Mecca? — I was at last standing on soil sacred to lifelong ideals, — absorbing memories, — and found the Real, fully justified my Ideal,? — A rare circumstance, in my broad survey of Nature, and Art. — These Views, for their accuracy, are equal to anything the graver and pencil, can convey, of their actual. —

Isaac Bullock. —

— Note June 13th 1868. I have owned these Views about 24 years, have loaned them quite largely, and have kept them in their original covers, interleaved with a mass of my notes, — In cutting down the margins to bind, I condense, to a few salient remarks, the former Notes. IB.

— Bound, in its present shape. July 3d 1868. —

its Carnival, where the lively Venetian, exhausts the p
to stay, Austrian commands over it, Austrian bayon
it ge

NUOVA RACCOLTA

Delle Principali Vedute della R. Città di Venezia

Disegnate ~~e~~ Incise all'acqua tinta da Antonio Lazzari

"Every thing about Venice, is, or was, extraordinary. —
Her aspect is like a Dream, Her history like a Romance" —
Lord Byron

These Views give a perfectly accurate idea of the Localities. —

VENICE.

"She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from Ocean
Rising, with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion
A ruler of the waters and their powers
And such she was — Her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of Nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers
In fealty to Venice, this Marriage."

"Venice gains by inspection, although on inspection it is found to be
The ruins of a great and magnificent City filled up with meanness
Dirt and famine – We enter her ruined palaces with a sweating of
The breath and a trembling of the heart. and when we see her
Inhabitants crouching in rags and hunger in their marble halls
we do but breathe the breeze and tremble the more – The effect
is increased by the contrast of what she is – and what she was
For Venice is in Italy for the first – a City of the dead – But the Rialto
is still crowded by the shades of Tasso and Pomponia: the
Giants stairs still seem to echo to the ducal treads, and mingling
With the slaves and wantons who meet on Sunday evenings to
Laugh at the rattle of their chains on the Piazza di San Marco, we
See gliding, scornful and sad, the merchant-Kings of the Adriatic"

Rock Pitcher

This was written years since, and is not now so correct probably as then –
And the Government have had the good sense and good taste to entirely abate
And stop that nuisance of Italian cities in particular, street begging, the armies
of sturdey beggars that beset a foreigner in the streets of Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, etc –
with their disgusting and horrible exhibitions of suffering humanity, and who stick to
you with the tenacity of a swarm of Mosquitoes until you pay them, which
Pay you soon find has only had the effect to bring another pack of these wolves
upon you more merciless if possible than the last, who will take no answer
But money – such abominable compulsory tax gatherers, do not disgrace the streets of Venice
The commerce of the port is likewise increasing – the viaduct for the rail
connecting Venice with the main land is nearly completed – the
Cathedral of St Mark, the Doge's palace, the Bridge of Sighs, etc
Remain almost as they were when Byron [illegible]

and should a Venice of the Lord's in eastern matters, in earlier months, which made Venice seem like some terrible Dream to me and my fancied for Lovely Her glorious monuments was more exciting than any other, spirit of Gaiety

and I had a Venice in the Imagination

№ 2

St MARKS PLACE.

"Vista della porta dell' Ascensione" Italian.—

The view, is of St Marks Place, looking from the rear of the square towards the Cathedral front, shewing on the left, the old palace of the Procurators of St Mark, and the Clock-tower, and on the right the more-modern palace of the Procurators. In 1844, this was occupied by the Austrian Viceroy. (probably my mistake) In the back ground, is the lofty Campanile, or bell-tower, and the principal façade of the Cathedral, with its costly marbles, and Mosaic pictures, Over its grand entrance are seen the four Horses of St Mark.— The flag staffs of St Mark are seen in front of them, each 70 feet high, stepped in massive bronze pedestals profusely carved, The Campanile is a bold 40 feet square mass of masonry, with double walls, between which, a broad ascending inclined plane leads to the lofty gallery where the bells are hung, and from which, a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest is commanded,* Here we look down on Venice, as on a Map.— See far out on the Adriatic sea, trace all the beautiful isles of the Lagoons, on the western mainland, and in a clear day detect in the faraway heavens, the spectral crests of the Tyrolese Alps, —

St Marks Place is a memorable place for pondering, and reverie, to the Scholar, the Artist, and the man of taste.— to the thinker, and observer, — "Not a stone in the broad pavement, but to him who has an eye and ear for the inanimate world, but preaches of ages past"— calls up their Tragic, and Comic, Dramas, — embalmed in History, Legend, and Song, and stirs the blood like some old battle-ground, of days of Yore, of Greek, or Roman Fame. —

Isaac Bullock,

*— I was told in Venice, that when Bonaparte took Venice, some of his officers rode on horseback, up to the lofty gallery of the arches, where the bells hang.— And I believe that a good rider, on a smart horse, could accomplish the feat. But the decent, would be the worst, for rider, and horse. —

— William D. Howells Esq, some years U.S. Consul, at Venice, Says that the Campanile of St Mark is 400 feet high. — He had the means of knowing. —

What a rig! — O. Mocce.

A. Lazzarini abr. a me.

Piazza di S. Marco. Venetian. Place de S. Marc. French.

No 3

Lunzetta di S. Marco — Petite Place de S. Marc

No 3.

THE PIAZZETTA.

Or the little St Marks place, as seen from the front of the Cathedral, part of whose Façade is seen on the left, — And behind and beyond which, is the piazzetta-front of the Ducal Palace, To the right, is seen two flag-staffs of St Mark, with their carved bronze pedestals, on three white marble slabs, or steps. Behind the nearest one, is seen a portion of the Campanile, beyond which, again, is the rich façade of St Marks Library. — In front of us are the two Columns of St Mark. — Back, over the grand Canal, is San Georgio Muggiore, — and Giudeca. — At the corner of the Ducal Palace is stationed a battery of Austrian field-pieces, always ready to sweep the square, and the moles. —

— "The Hebrew's, in thy palaces, the Hun, in thy high places,
And the Greek, walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his." —

— John Ruskin, in his sharp incisive way, says, "The Ducal Palace contains three elements in exactly equal proportions, The Roman, the Lombard, and the Arab, it is the central building of the world, &c" — To me, it is beautiful in itself, and venerable from its associations with a mighty past. It was finished in AD 1050. — — The grand old Cathedral invites inspection, shewing some of the Mosaic pictures.

Isaac Bullock. —

Antonio Lazzari disegnò e inc.

—Time, sunset, the shadows mark East, and West.—The Piazzetta, is the part beyond the broad shadow of the Campanile.—

Piazzetta di S. Marco | Petite Place de S. Marc

220 Soine

No 4

La Grande Place – French name

La gran Piazza – Venetian name

№ 4.

PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO.

St Marks Place, as seen from the front of the Cathedral.— To the right, is the old Palace of the Procurators of St Mark. Before us are the three beautiful flag-staffs of St Mark.— On the left, the grand old Campanile, rises upward, it is 40 feet square, and *~~360~~ 400 feet high. at its base is shewn that splendid gem of architecture, the Loggietta, of Sansovino. The wooden shed, is an old curiosity shop.— In the rear is the new palace built by order of Bonaparte, who left his mighty mark on Venice, as on Antwerp, the Simplon, etc. For long ages this has been the centre of Venitian gaity, dissipation, of tragic, and comic shows, in the great drama of the Ocean Queen. And now, on several evenings of the week, its old echoes are waked up by the brilliant and powerful music of some one of the bands of the Imperial regiments here in garrison, when the whole square is brilliantly lighted up.— Here are no horses (but those bronze ones of St Mark) no vehicles, to disturb spectators. The Gondola is the Venitian coach.— Those beautiful flag-staffs that in more prosperous days bore the conquered standards of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea,— or the Lion flag of St Mark, now flaunt the the hated Austrian colors. And the ci devant Queen of the Adriatic, like Niobe, mourns for her children, captured by the Hun, the stolid Hapsburg, with his head of lead, and heel, of Iron.— This was yesterday.— today, Venice is again Free!—

Isaac Bullock.— 1868.

* W.D. Howells. U.S. Consul in Venice. says 400, feet.—

—Here, Austrian Colors, wind their pernicious and detested folds around the ancient flag-staffs of St Mark, where of old, floated the conquered Standards of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea.—

— Looking West, time, noon, hence the shadows mark North and South, Austrian Flags, show who rules in Venice. T.B. —

La gran Piazza — Venitian name

La Grande Place — French name

No. 5

St MARKS PLACE

Seen from the foot of the Campanile. to the right is seen one half the façade of the Cathedral, shewing its Mosaics and one of the copper Horses. Also a near view of the fine flag-staffs. — on the pedestal of the nearest one of which is seen somebody (— "kind o' peekin round." — Jest so. — He's a Yankee. for he's rit his letters on the stones. — Jest so. Jest so! *) But to return. In front is the great Clock-tower. and on its top are two bronze Giants. who strike the hour on the bell, with sledge hammers. — The powerful clock machinery drives them, and other works. This clock-dial is seen to shew 24 hours. The façade of this old Byzantine temple is 172 feet long. by 72 feet high. —

The famous Steeds of St Mark. four in number. appear to have been cast by Lysippus of Chios. before Christ 350 years. transported from thence to Rome, by Augustus, for a triumphal procession. — figuring in those of Nero, Domitian. Trajan. etc, and were transported to Constantinople by Theodosius. Thence taken to Venice in 1205†. — Bonaparte sent them to the Louvre in 1797. and the Unholy Alliance sent them back to Venice in 1815. — Isaac Bullock. —

† See Gibbon. Decline and Fall, &c, for the conquest of Constantinople, under the lead of the Doge Enrico Dandolo, who sent the famous Horses. to Venice. — They are perfect yet. —

N.B. * Let no one suppose from this, that I am am among that miserable herd of foolish egotists who scribble their worthless names on such monuments of the fa[illegible] I have throughout life, utterly despised such mean foolish vanity. I.B. —

A. Lazzari dis. e inc.

Torre dell' Orologio
(Clock-Tower) opposite

Tour de l'Horloge or Clock Tower

from the East side the Tower of St Mark

My first view of St Marks Place —
— I did not descorde St Marks I.B.
with my obscure sunnies P —
I never do that
Anno! —

221 med

No 6

Bridge & Stone and Prison –

No. 6.

DUCAL PALACE—BRIDGE OF SIGHS, and PRISON.

"I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs,
A palace, and a prison, on each hand."— Childe Harold. Canto. IV

The view, is from the centre of the Canal of the Palace. — On the left we see a part of the façade of the Ducal Palace, fronting the Grand Canal, — On the right, is the State-Prison, and high above the water, connecting them, the far famed "Ponte 'e sospiri,"* — or Bridge of Sighs. —— In front of us is the the beautiful white marble bridge over the Canal of the Palace, called Ponte della Paglia, — Bridge of Straw, because here, on the mole of the Prison, (Riva Schiavoni) in other days was the straw-market, where the farmers of the isles brought their straw for sale.

I consider this view about as perfect in outline as a Photograph, with the added color of the real scene, —— It is by an Artist of Venice, who draws his beautiful City — con amore —

Here, all around us is pregnant with Memories? — embalmed in History, Legend, and Song. and to the thinker, Observer, Philanthropist, Artist, Scholar, — every thing is rich with suggestion. A spot to ponder on, such as few stand-points on our planet can equal.

— But to appreciate Venice fully, we must be familiar not only with her whole history, but with the history of Europe during the Middle Ages, and since, — with the progress of Art, of which Venice holds so many Gems, and indeed with all that interests the Scholar, the Artist, and the man of taste. ——

Isaac Bullock. Salem. —

* Lord Byron writes it "Ponte de 'i sospiri." — the i sounds as e,

— Probably, some of the romances of the Bridge of Sighs, the Pozzi, and Piombi, of old Venice, are to be taken "Cum grano salis". — But the sober truth, is more marvellous and exciting to a thinker than any fictions, —

A. Lazzari dis. e inc.

Venetian name Ponte della Paglia, e Prigioni
Bridge of Straw, and Prison –

French Pont de la Paille, et Prisons

anu Canal
Canale

No 7.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

—"Molo e Riva degli Schiavoni."—

—Vista dalla loggia del ponte del Giardino Reale.—

This view commences on the left with a part of the façade of the Mint. — Next, the canal façade of St Marks Library. Next, the Columns of St Mark, and Grand Canal front of the old Ducal Palace, and its Mole, to the "Ponte della Paglia." Next, the State-Prison, and Riva Schiavoni*, the old Hay-market, — And so on we see the water-front of Venice towards the Arsenal. A stirring view to the lover of beauty, the admirer of the ideal, — familiar with the past of this—ci devant— Queen of the Adriatic, To whom it will recal many a tragic legend, many a comic picture. Alas! — over Her, has passed the doom of the Chaldean, the "Mene! — Mene!" these tremendous words. — How often have I sat on the steps of those columns of St Mark, and pondered on her eventful history, her departed greatness, her present lingering beauty — even in Death! — On the right, we see the floating Omnibus of Venice, the Gondola, with its single Gondolier, a professor, of the art of feathering an oar. With him you may cheaply and pleasantly travel, or float, all through Venice, providing you bargain with him before hand, and providing he sees that you are no greenhorn, for he is sharp at "Phismahogeny" as Mrs Malaprop says. —

Isaac Bullock. —

—Circumstances made it necessary that I should board onshore in Venice in a native family, and having acquired a smattering of Italian I made myself quite comfortable. I like the Venitians. My residence was in house No 4262, Calle Albanesia, Quarter San Zackery, close to the State-Prison. — Our attendant on the Ship, factotum, and interpreter, was Caesar Doria, of Malamocco. —

—* I suppose this name is derived from the ancient Slave-market, when mediaeval Venice, in her meridian, drove a great and lucrative trade in slaves. — This accursed coining of gold, from human blood, has been avenged on her, as on our "Chivalry." — Nemesis, always brings her Scales to poise. —

A. Lazzari disegnò e incise.

Molo e Riva degli Schiavoni

vista dalla loggia del ponte del Giardino Reale

Mole et Rivage des Esclavons

vus de la terrasse du pont du Jardin Royal

Dogana de Mare, e Chiesa della Salute | Douane de Mer, et Eglise de Santé

№ 8.

ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL.

"Dogana di Mare, e' Chiesa della Salute."

—Vista dal Traghetto del Molo.—

This view is perhaps the most beautiful in all Venice. — On the left is the Sea-Custom-House,* (Dogana di Mare) a beautiful marble structure, surmounted by gigantic figures in bronze, supporting a globe, on which an armed Warrior stands, a magnificent group. — Further back is that splendid marble Church (Chiesa della Salute) which the city of Venice erected as a votive monument of the great Plague, of 1576. which swept off 60.000. citizens It is dedicated to "Our Lady of Health. (Madonna della Salute) A masterpiece of Longhena, standing on one million two hundred thousand piles. It is rich in costly votive offerings. — in "Barbaric pearl, and gold."—

The Italian language, as spoken by the masses, in Leghorn, in Naples, in Venice, etc. has a local patois, that makes a native of either, recognized by the others.— As an illiterate native of Cornwall, of Yorkshire, Summerset, Devon, etc is recognised by Englishmen, as soon as he opens his mouth,— In no other country but our own, Is the Mother Tongue spoken over its broad surface, so near its classic standard, its pure written form. — because our masses read, and write.—

Isaac Bullock. Salem.. 186

*It is called Sea Custom-House, because here, as all over continental Europe, where passports are required for travellers, land Custom-Houses are established at the boundaries of all States, to collect duties from travellers, and on all produce that enters from other states, and at the gates of Cities, to tax all produce from the country around.—

Dogana di Mare, e Chiesa della Salute | Douane de Mer, et Eglise la Salute

No 9

No. 9.

SQUARE OF THE ARSENAL.

"T. R. Arsenale."

Visto dall' angolo della Piazza.

The principal entrance to this great Dock-yard, is seen in front; called "Porte Leone."* on each side are seen reclining the colossal marble lions, brought from Greece, by Morosini, called the "Peloponeciaque!" — Twenty centuries before his time, they stood at the gate of the Piræus, Athens, hence they are venerable forms. Between the towers, are seen the massive Dock-gates, and in the right corner, a part of the Canal of the Arsenal, through which the Bucentaur passed, in taking the Doge, and Senate, to wed the Adriatic, with a ring, on Ascencion day. — Everything around, here reminds us of former wealth, taste, enterprise, power. —

— The ancient beauty of this Queen, we here can trace, amid decay.
The spoils of ancient Hellas here, waft us long centuries away? —
The Roman Empire's gems of Art, she stole from bleeding Greece, of y
Proud Venice, in her day of power, tore from the Lower Empire's s
And She, in turn, Napoleon robb'd of gems, to swell the Louvre's pri
Thus Victors strip their fallen foes, of gold, and gems, and o'er them
Thus I muse on the Rise, Meridian, Decline, and Fall
Of Empires, Civilizations. — Man, and his works. —

Isaac Bullock.

— On thy old flagstaffs Austrian Colors play,
And thou art not the Ocean-Queen today.?. —

* Gate of the Lion, The winged hog, seen above it is intended to represent the Lion of St Mark! — 8 oct 60 —
The Austrian double headed eagle over the entrance, shews who rule in Venice, now. —

Stand-point — Angle of the square — A. Lazzari dis. e inc.

I. R. Arsenale

visto dall' angolo della Piazza

Here "Piazza" means a Square —

I. R. Arsenal

vu et du coin de la Place

Anglice "View from the corn

No 10.

West Occidente

Oriente Occidente

No. 10.

RIALTO. and GRAND CANAL.

"Ponte di Rialto. — verso occidente." — View from the West.

This view of the Rialto, and its surroundings is excellent in its whole detail, perspective, color, truth. — even the ruins of the ancient fresco's on the façade of the palace on the left, are well copied. When I first — "swam in a Gondola" — this was the only bridge over the Grand Canal. The scene, on, and around this bridge, thronging with motley groups, of all nations, is a study for a Hogarth, the imaginative mind will easily catch forms and costumes that recall Shylock, and the Moor. — The beautiful Palaces around are Historic, classic Domo's, each with its tragic, and comic legends, far-reaching memories. The arch of the Rialto is said to be 100 feet span and at its centre, 23 feet above the water. — and cost, when finished, 250,000 Ducats, of that day.

— These green arched spaces, six on each side of the centre of the bridge, are jewellers shops, where some of the finest jewelry of Europe is manufactured, Especially those beautiful gold chains, and bracelets, in which the Venetian artists excel. The bridge has three passage-ways, a main one in the centre, between the shops, and two side ones, outside them, — On the left of the view, the bridge opens on the square, or Campo, di San Giacomo, on the right, to the Campo di S. Bartolomeo, (see the ground plan) These, and not the bridge, were the ancient Rialto, the old Bourse, of the "Merchant of Venice", —

J. B.

— The quarter of the Rialto, is admitted to be the earliest nucleus of Venice. When Alaric the Gothic conqueror of Rome, desolated by his cruelties the Imperial Homestead, numbers fled to the marshy islands of the Lagunes, and from this central point of refuge it steadily increased and spread, and prospered. — Her meridian glory, her gloomy Decline, and disasterous Fall, is the old Tale, of deletion. —

A. Lazzari dis e inc.

Ponte di Rialto

verso Occidente

Le Pont de Rialto

vers Occident

Feste antiche dell'ultimo Giovedì di Carnovale | Fêtes anciennes du dernier Jeudi de Carnaval

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato, | La Promenade du Bucintoro au Lido avec le Doge, et le Sénat,

No. 11.

THE PIAZZETTA, on the last day of the CARNIVAL.

"Feste antiche dell' ultimo Giovedi di Carnovale. Sulla Piazzetta di S Marco. — Viste in linea delle Collonne. —

This view is of the little St Marks place on the last day of the Carnival, in the better days of Venice, seen from between the colums of St Mark, which are shown on the extreme right, and left. — beyond them, to the right, is seen the piazzetta front of the Ducal Palace, with tiers of seats up to the heads of its lower columns, for the aristocracy. — The ornamental structure in front, is a temporary one, for the fete. — On the left, is the beautiful façade of St Marks Library, beyond which the tall Campanile is seen, and the three flag-staffs of St Mark. — On the other side of the architectural flower, is seen the domes of the Cathedral, and its projection from the line of the palace. — The groups in the foreground are seen in every grotesque and fancy costume, varied color, and masquerade variety, except that of the Clergy, which no one dare wear, but the bona fide Simon pure, on pain of death. — All other costumes and fancy rigs are tolerated. And the whole lively and jovial festival may be found described minutely in any history of the City, before Bonaparte captured her.

— Venice pass'd her meridian, ages since, and travels now, along Decline, to Fall? —
As Tyre, and Carthage, have pass'd quite away, — As "Troja fuit" tells of Ilion, gone, —
So Nations mele away, and race's fall from power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine of their noon, then downward go to silence, and oblivion, — leaving wrecks
Alone, to mark their passage o'er the scene, a tomb, the most enduring of their ...

— Time's greatest Empire, in the farthest West,
Beyond their father's "Islands of the Blest." —
Eclipses all that Carthage, Venice, were. —
Of their commercial greatness, is the heir. —

J. B.

A. Lazzari dis. e inc.

Feste antiche dell'ultimo Giovedì di Carnovale | Fêtes anciennes du dernier Jeudi de Carnaval

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato, | La Marche du Bucentaure à Lido avec le Doge, et le

N 12

Here, on moonlight, night of seventeen, Anno

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato, | Regatta in the Grand Canal in honor to Doge Pietro

№ 12.

REGATTA on the GRAND CANAL.

Here the competing Gondolas, are cleared of their covered seats, and their appearance, and the action of the stout Gondoliers is effectively shewn. the race course is the long strait reach below the Rialto, which is seen in the distance. The Palaces are decorated as in the prosperous days of Venice, rather than the present. Who the gigantic bargemen, who are seen naked to the waist, are, deponent saith not. — Perhaps they are men of Straw. — or, but no matter what.

Charles Dickens, in a letter to Lady Blessington, dated Venice, Nov 20th 1844, says. — "I had great expectations of Venice, but they fall immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time passed here went by like a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty, and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the — "Thousand and one Nights," — could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice &c" —

I was in Venice in October, and November, 1844 and can say the same of my survey of Venice as Dickens says. —

Isaac Bullock. —

Foscari Palace.

NEMESIS. — Of the impartial justice, the merited retribution, for inhuman wrongs, meted out to Venice, in her humiliating and disastrous fall, no one familiar with the deadly atrocities of her mercyless Oligarchy, can for a moment doubt. like Cæsar. "She was justly slain." — "Thou den of drunkards with the blood of Princes!" —

— "Sic semper tyrannis." —

A. Bazzari dis. e inc.

Venitian — Regatta in volta del Canal Grande

Here, on moonlight nights of summer, the

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato,

Course de barques au tour du Grand Canal — Frenc

Regatta in the Grand Canal — Carnival 1775 — Sketch

La Marche du Bucentaure à Lido avec le Doge, et le

No 13

Note to No 12. A writer in the London "Athenæum;" Who was in Venice in 1844. describes his visit to the Foscari palace, at the angle of the Grand Canal, (to which the Index points,) and says it was then in the possession of two maiden ladies, Octogenarians, the last of their name and house. Laura, and Mariana, del Foscari. — He says he was informed that these last descendants of that grand old Ducal family, had, in some bygone hour of poverty and deep distress, sold the reversion of this palace of their princely forefathers, at their death, to some Jew Broker, for the miserable pittance of eighteen pence per day! — "Sic transit, &c" —

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato. || Le Marche da Buventure a Lido avec le Doge et le

№ 13.-

—"La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato, nel Giorno dell' Ascensione. Vista dal Ponte dell' Arsenale."—

Weding the Adriatic.

ITALY.

—"Land of departed fame!. whose classic plains
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains
Whose hallow'd soil has given the great, and brave,
Day-stars of life, a birth place, and a grave?—
Home of the Arts,—where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile,—
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!—
Where grandeur, yet contending with decay
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day,—
Yet fallen Italy rejoice again!."
—(The day is near thee that will break thy chain!—
Poor lovely realm,—how strangers pause to gaze
On thy rich relics of sublimer days.)—
"Oh ne'er in other climes, though many an eye
Dwelt on their charms in glowing extacy,
Ne'er was it theirs to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
As in this realm, where each faint breeze's moan,
Seems a low dirge, for glorious ages gone,—
Where, mid the ruin'd shrines of many a vale,
Een desolation, tells a haughty tale.—
And scarce a fountain flows, or rock ascends
But its proud name with song eternal blends."— Felicia Hemans

—— Venice, is a tale of the Past. ——

She reminds us of the old proverbial "Troja fuit!" — or The bloody — "Carthago delenda!" — of the Punic wars, —

— "Westward, the course of Empire takes its way." — said one of the Wisest heads, and noblest hearts, our Father-Land has ever reared, — a Prophet's Vision. — So today, we see a New City, rising like the Prophet's "Gourd" — on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, — destined to eclipse all former commercial greatness, from Tyre, Carthage, Venice, London, New York, (as I believe,) onward, — "Time's noblest offspring is the last!" — Said our Mitred Seer. Who surveyed distant horizon's as from a Mountain's brow, and detected there the Rising tops of Coming events, Which we, in this later day, can see from our lower ground, as steadily ascending to the Zenith. ——

I myself looked on San Francisco in the spring of 1850, seeing then a wooden, and canvass Village — Again in 1852, looked down on it from the sand-hills in its rear, with wonder at its vast stride. — Again in 1853, from the same sand-hills, I was astonished at the "Labour's" of the new Hercules, — which kept in countenanc the mythic labours of the "Genii," of the Arabian tales. ——

Isaac Bullock

Dr Berkeley appears to have written his Vision of the Future, at Newport, R.I. — I read it in boyhood

№ 13.

"La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato, nel Giorno dell' Ascensione. Vista dal Ponte dell' Arsenale."

Wedding the Adriatic.

Bucentaur —

The scene is from the more prosperous days of Venice, before Bonaparte trod on prostrate Europe,— As elsewhere, the "Mighty Modern" left his mark on the Queen of the Adriatic,— for good, as well as evil — The Bucentaur, with the Doge, and Senate, is seen coming out of the Arsenal on Ascension day, to perform the ancient ceremony of Wedding the Adriatic with a ring.— by throwing it into its waves.— The Bucentaur bears the flag of St. Mark, the ancient ensign of the Republic — now no more seen in Venice.— neither is the Bucentaur.— which was broken up for its gold, by the French. — But a model of her is shewn in the Arsenal — On the left is seen San Georgio Maggiore — In the central background, the custom house, and church of del Salute.— on the right, the Ducal Palace, — state prison, domes of the Cathedral of St Mark, and high over all, the beautiful Campanile, or bell-tower of St Mark.— 360 feet high, from the pavement.— the view from that tower is of surpassing beauty, and extent.— I have seen from it, the lofty peaks of the Tyrolese Alps, a hundred miles distant, lifting their heads in spectral grandeur in the far away heaven — we look down on Venice, the lagoons, and islands, the Adriatic sea, and the Lombard shores, as on a map —

That Campanile

There, it occurs to the thoughtful man, that he stands on the very spot where Galileo pointed his telescope to heaven.— here has stood Napoleon, and Josephine,— here kings, statesmen, warriors, painters, poets, Sculptors, Architects — Men like Michael Angelo, Titian, Canova.— and to an imaginative mind, an aroma of Earth's grandest intellects seems to hallow the spot —

Isaac Bullock

La Gita del Bucintoro al Lido col Doge, e col Senato. || La Marche du Bucentaure à Lido avec le Doge, et le

Sculpture.
From a statuette group. Boston Athenaeum Gallery.

AGLAIA. THALIA. EUPHROSYNE.

THE THREE GRACES

CANOVA.

12 views of the most remarkable localities in Venice, engraved in Venice by A Lazzari correct in outline, and perspective and coloured are attached :—

LEGENDS OF VENICE.

To accompany the views of the City

Jane Butlock

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. R. HERBERT, ESQ.

I have seen a bound volume of these Legends, with the Illustrations of the text, attached to it, — But mine, which I bought in St Marks Place, have no special reference to the text, here — yet they illustrate it, so far as giving correct drawings of prominent localities, —

EDITED BY

THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

La fama avea a spettacoli solenni
Fatto racor, non che i vicini intorno,
Ma li lontani ancora.

ARIOSTO.

Ten beautiful Legends of Venice.

I fell upon the tragic tale of the Foscari in childhood, and henceforth Venice became a fairy city of my mind. until in 1844, I visited her, — but my actual survey of her, Palaces, Temples, Arts, — Works of Titian, Tintoretto, Palladio, etc Abated none of my first romantic interest JB

LONDON:
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MDCCCXLI.

Oh Italy! — mother of dead Empires, [illegible]
how are the mighty fallen! — prone to earth, grovelling in dust, and ashes, blind, insane, — The passing stranger falls in love with thee, — The long sojourner imbibes the intoxication of passion, — And while execrating the Iron bondage, the galling chains, of thy latter tyrants, Is irritated by thy mournful want of unity, and will, to shake off the devouring Hydra! —

"Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely. — or more powerful!" —

Of Venice I may say in the words of Lord Byron. "I loved her from my boyhood,
She to me was as a fairy city
of the heart!" —

Among the earliest recollections of my youthful reading, is that mournful tale of The Foscari which for Tragic interest is not to be surpassed; which led me in after years to explore her Annals, — and to crown the long interest, and mental pictures I had of this "Niobe of Nations" — this sea Queen of the Adriatic, I visited her in 1844, —

I was never tired of looking at her rare and curious remains of Ancient and modern Art; of pondering over her strange eventful History? — calling up again her giant dead, — sitting in St Marks place and looking on the Old Ducal Palace, and on the giants stairs where Faliero fell, — decapitated by the sword, —

before me over the Cathedral Porch stand the four bronze, or rather Copper, horses of St Marks whose strange peregrinations, and vicissitudes from the days of Alexander of Macedon to our own, form a history of their own — the whole scene redolent of Classic memories, and a mighty past! —
They have escaped entire through the strange
Vicissitudes of twenty two Centuries, from B.C. 350 — JB

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, ROLLS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE.

These Horses, which are as large as life, figured in the Triumphal processions of the Roman Emperors at Rome 1800 years since, — they were transported to Constantinople perhaps by its founder, and were taken by the French and Venetians in the sack of Constantinople AD 1204 — Buonaparte sent them to the Louvre, and the "Holy Alliance" sent them back to Venice —

Isaac Bullock

The accompanying Views of the localities of peculiar Interest are as perfect in perspective as a daguerreotype and coloured true to the life, to any who have seen Venice they must appear as perfect as is possible for the graver and the pencil to portray

ADVERTISEMENT.

VENICE, its general history, and its institutions, are well known to most English readers; but it is different with its traditionary and legendary character, so fraught with strange and romantic incidents, chiefly to be met with in the old chronicles and state archives, except the few which, from their signal fame, early found their way into the national annals. It is precisely these subjects, connected with the fortunes and adventures of its distinguished men, which present a wide and almost inexhaustible field for the genius of pictorial illustration; and it is a subject of regret that comparatively so little advantage has been taken by the artists of different countries of the splendid historical pieces of the old Venetian and other Italian painters, and of numerous memorable events never yet treated of by a pencil either native or foreign. That this should no longer continue a *desideratum*, it is designed that the following little work should serve as a sort of pilot balloon; and by offering specimens of the kind alluded to, ascertain the taste of the public with regard to so interesting a class of historical subjects—so susceptible of rich pictorial embellishment. There can be little doubt that should, as it is confidently hoped, the present attempt to supply a part of that which has been so long acknowledged to be wanting, in the historical illustration of Venice, it may encourage the proprietor to persevere in his efforts, and extend them to other subjects—and they are abundant—not less adapted to receive effect from the pencil and the burin.

A word as to the Vignette; in which it will be observed, the artist has exhibited the celebration of the state ceremony of the espousal of the Adriatic, or, as it has been usually ~~termed~~, "The Marriage of the Sea."* It was instituted upon occasion of the defeat of Barbarossa, at the time when the reigning Pontiff Alexander III. was resident in Venice, and who may almost be said to have been the author of it.

* see the picture of the Bucentaur, or state barge of Venice with the Doge, Councils, and Patricians, going to wed the Adriatic, with the Bengal flag the ancient standard of St Marks — which is nowhere seen in Venice to day —

"The fleets," says the spirited author of Sketches from Venetian History, "met off the Istrian coast, between Pirano and Parenzo, and the Venetians having gained the wind, disregarded the superior numbers of their opponents. After a vigorous contest of more than six hours' duration, two galleys destroyed, forty-eight captured, and a still more important prize, Otho, the Emperor's son, were the fruits of their victory.

"On the return of the conquerors to Lido, Alexander, in person, hastened to receive his benefactor, and to acknowledge his debt of obligation, and a solemn ceremony, which continued to be celebrated so long as the Republic existed, dates its origin from his gratitude. As soon as Ziani touched the land, the Holy Father presented him with a ring of gold. 'Take,' he said, 'this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband.'

"Of all the privileges with which the Venetians were ever gifted, this papal grant appears to have been cherished by them with the most tenacious pride. The Adriatic is now widowed of her lord; but during the long course of more than six hundred years, every fresh return of the Feast of Ascension witnessed the renewal of her figurative nuptials. The Doge and his *Clarissimi* having heard mass in the church of San Niccolo, embarked on board the gorgeous Bucentaur, a state galley blazing with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric as could be obtained, by perpetual repair, without total reconstruction.* Gliding through the canals, amidst festive shouts and triumphal music, this superb pageant arrived at the shore of Lido, near the mouth of the harbour, and there the princely bridegroom, dropping a golden ring into the bosom of his betrothed, espoused her with this brief but significant greeting: 'We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty.'

"Once, and once only, a future Pope expressed a doubt as to the origin of this ceremony; and he received a confirmation, which, if it did not satisfy him, must, at least, have silenced him. When Julius enquired of the Venetian ambassador, Donati, where this grant of Alexander was to be found, he was instructed to look for it on the back of the donation of Constantine."

* Howell's Letters, Book I, c. 1, Letter 31.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE VENETIAN BRIDES.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love,
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine,
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die!

BYRON.

No heathen power was held in greater awe by the old Greeks and Romans than the goddess Fortune; to none were dedicated temples more magnificent, rites and ceremonies more imposing. The mutability of human affairs was never with them a trite or exhausted theme; and like theirs, the character and domestic manners of the early Italians were imbued with the imaginative spirit which throws a charm even round superstition. From the time of the great masters* of the passions to that of their no less splendid but unhappy victim Byron, the sudden unforeseen reverses of a strange destiny have continued to baffle calculation, to dash with trembling presentiments hopes the most promising, thoughts the gayest and brightest, hearts the most confiding. Those apparently most secure from every evil, just at the moment when the very "winds of heaven" seemed not to dare visit their cheeks too rudely, were beheld by the old Greeks as victims arrayed with flowers and chaplets; and hence the exquisite pathos of the episode of Agamemnon's daughter. When we read the description of the unrivalled power of Troy so long triumphant; the admirable traits which bring Helen and Paris full of wonder at each other's extreme beauty in living lineaments before our eyes, the first interview with the youthful and godlike guest of King Menelaus; the fatal elopement, the rapid progress of inevitable fate, till we see the tender and beautiful Andromache taking her last weeping leave of Hector, inspired like Cassandra, with evil auguries, "and the sound of the stealthy foot of approaching

* Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, &c.

doom," the sensitive mind, as was declared by Pope, trembles before the startling truth of the pictures exhibited to its view. It is the power of contrast in the human breast and its affections, which gives rise to this kind of sympathy felt in the delineation of characters and events;—like the echo to the voice, it makes a true and perfect response to the feelings and passions by which they are swayed, till our own are brought into strong and irresistible play.

All young affections are the most vivid, as well as the happiest and most bright. When uncorrupted, they are also the most lasting: fostered and sheltered from the influence of artificial society, they early ripen into excellence ere exposed to the contaminating breath of evil, and can never afterwards mistake the paths of destruction for those of pleasure. It was this knowledge of the evils resulting from the alienation and seduction of the pure joys and hopes from the sacred precincts of the laral gods, supposed to preside over domestic peace and happiness, which induced the Greeks and Romans, followed by the Italians and other nations, to seclude the youth of both sexes—who were considered children of the state up to a certain age, and almost wholly excluded from public view. As some recompense for this restraint, proportionate liberty was allowed after marriage; and its rites were surrounded by every accessory likely to produce lasting impression, if not a potent spell and charm—an intellectual halo round the ideal and the mental; Venus inspiring intense passion,—her archer-boy piercing the bosoms of the most refractory,—and then the power of Hymen driving the reluctant under his yoke, lighting the way with his refulgent torch, singing his triumphant song, and waving over them " his purple light of love."

In perusing these classical descriptions of the hymeneal ceremonies and customs, there always appears something in the full and joyous exhibition of such ceremonies, as inspiring as useful and admirable in their tendency, and very favourable when the sanction of state authority is added to that of friends and relatives, for giving a distaste for low or degrading passions,—the rejection of objects which all could not be proud to vindicate before their assembled country—and not less so, perhaps, for the formation of virtuous habits and mutual courtesies. Marriage festivals, for these reasons, and as being essentially connected with the civil polity, the character, and fortunes of different people, form an interesting subject of inquiry; and we see in earlier histories, in proportion as they were encouraged and honoured, such cities and states were happy and prosperous, while in proportion as the sanction of connubial ties was disregarded or held in contempt—a proof of the corruption of manners—there the people seemed to be fast hastening to decay. Had the crime of Tarquin been perpetrated in imperial Rome when luxury and debauchery were at their head, no Lucretia would have been found to weep over her wrongs, or visit her involuntary contamination so sternly, as to drive a whole race of tyrants from their polluted

throne. This could occur only in a simple and uncorrupted state of society, when the heads of the state take unalloyed delight in discharging their great duties, in holding out incentives to virtue, giving dowers to the young and virtuous, and crowns of honour to heroism, truth, and fidelity,—richly embroidering, as it were, the gentle yoke of Hymen with flowers, and nobly joining in the hymeneal pæan, as did the Romans and Venetians, without fear of Malthus and his host of imaginary terrors before their eyes. They could exclaim with a safe conscience, like beloved parents rather than tyrants of the state they ruled:—

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key*
The milder treasures of his soul,—
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

Of the hymeneal rites of the Greeks and Romans, and their festive processions, we may form some idea from ancient medals, vases, and pieces of sculpture; and in all their works of art, indeed, this evidence of their grand popular policy—a proof of real statesmanship, by placing the foundation of a people's strength in the fidelity and union of the virtuous—is still evident, as opposed to that dissipation and indiscriminate intercourse, the parent of disunion and corruption. This just and generous policy was kept in view by the great men of antiquity, an example that was not lost upon the best and wisest among their successors, especially in Italy.

Nor is it improbable that it formed one among the happiest resources of the early Venetians to encourage virtuous connexions, and attract fresh population to their shores and colonies by the united spell of public honour and private advantage; for, in the infancy of the marriage festivals of Venice, it would appear from the State Chronicles now before us,† that the origin of these public exhibitions dates as early as the eighth or ninth centuries of the republic, their traditionary character going much further back, and that they were not only sanctioned, but joined by the noblest and most influential families. They were, in fact, interwoven with the constitution of the state, and were celebrated with extraordinary pomp and ceremony, throughout the different islands, from their earliest occupation. They were accompanied with

* The original is literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."—*Hours of Idleness.*

† Origine di Venezia. Le Feste e Costumi Letteratura di Venezia. Croniche. Historie: the Doge Errico Dandolo.

all those religious ceremonies and holiday attractions peculiar to catholic countries, as well as by state formalities, which threw around them a brighter halo—a more august and sacred air.

One effect, not the least observable from these virginal rites, was, that on occasion of the connubial processions, there sprung numerous fresh attachments, an immediate result of the consequence and publicity given to the marriage ceremonies thus formed; and it is curious that there is scarcely an instance of engagements of the kind having been violated, whether by seduction, desertion, or inconstancy upon the lady's side. In fact, both parties considered the vows thus exchanged upon a grand public festival as binding as was its observance upon the state and its authorities. It was, as Portia so finely expresses it:

> "A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
> And riveted so with faith unto your flesh;
> I gave my love a ring, and he did swear
> Never to part with it; and here he stands;
> I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
> Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
> That the world masters."

And it was enough for the young Venetian girls to exclaim with the bantering and witty, but secretly happy Portia:

> "Mark you but that,
> In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
> In each eye one: swear by your double self,
> And there's an oath of credit."

> "It is almost morning,
> And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
> Of these events at full. Let us go in,
> And charge us there upon interrogatories,
> And we will answer all things faithfully."

Nor was the union, to which these joyous exhibitions referred, a less powerful bond of interest* between different nations, even when at variance, as it proved between the Romans and the Sabines, though just cause of offence, in the manner of opening a matrimonial alliance, was certainly given, but with results exactly opposite to those effected by the sea adventurers who form the subject of the following

* Sansovino. Zeno. Cronaca. Errico Dandolo. Italian Republics; Sismondi.

narrative. The Venetian beauties, unlike the Sabines, were adopted, dowered, and under the guardianship of the state.* The festival was a national one, and hence the custom of celebrating a number of marriages, among different ranks, on the same day, and within the precincts of the same temple.†

The annual day selected for the procession of the betrothed and their friends was that of the Purification of the Virgin, on the second of every February; and the year in which the event commemorated took place was that of 944. Numerous contemporary and successive authorities allude to the pomp and circumstance by which it was attended, to give peculiar force of example to the scene. Many of the brides were related to noble houses; the state dowers, the magnificent presents of the several friends of the parties, with emulous pride exhibited, and the presence of several illustrious strangers, gave more than usual attraction to the approaching fête. The slender dower to each of the poorer daughters of the state was carried by them in a little coffer, called *Arcella*, in those simpler days sufficient to hold their entire fortune; for, according to the old chronicle, it was not the custom to make a trade of the affections, though they were glad to do so of every thing else, being a remarkably exact and mercantile people, with their eye upon the property of other states as well as their own.‡ Twelve of the higher ranks § were headed by the Doge, the council and its attendants in state; and it was customary for the whole procession first to enter the church in the little island of Olivolo, where they awaited their bridegrooms, surrounded by throngs of spectators, and heard the mass, followed by a discourse upon reciprocal duties, which we had rather leave to the imagination of our fair readers, the oratory of the Fra Agostino Longovento being, like that of our humorous friend Friar Gerund, not a little inclining to the lengthy. The bishop confirmed each pair in good matrimonial behaviour; gave them his *benediction*, when immediately each *Benedict*, having finished a world of ceremonies, took his companion by the hand, and, with their new dower, they made the best of their way to enjoy themselves with the feast, the song, and the dance, in their own little festive circle at home.

Such was the customary usage; but it did not reach that pleasant point without interruption on that day, just ushering in the palmy tide of Venetian power. Her various islands were peopled thick as with a race of moiling ants; forests of shipping thronged her shores, and the remote islet of Olivolo was fixed upon as the reunion of the pride and beauty of Venice, little dreaming how near to them lay

* Donato. Foscolo.

† Le Feste. Lettere su Venezia, &c.

‡ Sismondi. Italian Republics. Augustino Lionardo. Zeno.

§ Lettere su Venezia. Le Feste di Giustina Michiel.

concealed the mysteries of fate, the no longer dreaded pirate bands, so recently worsted by the great Dandolo—

"That hush'd in grim repose expect their evening prey."

Arrayed in white, with veils flowing to their feet, and the peculiarly rich and full costume, which gives at once grace and dignity to the figure, the patrician brides, literally gem and diamond-spangled, shone with resplendent beauty, more remarkable from the contrast it offered to the simple unadorned graces of the less elevated class. The utmost splendour and variety of decorations gave additional zest to the festival; the most sacred solemnities partook of the nature of a carnival in old catholic times, combining every species of game, and dance, and carol. Not a soul but was put in requisition for some inventive faculty. When, as they were on the point of descending from the portico of the temple, anticipating the fullest zest to their wild, innocent mirth,—a rush of feet, the rough voice and the sight of fearful-looking men, each rushing on his fair prey, threw strange consternation throughout the glad and festal scene. Sudden as a whirlwind it came over the proudest of rising cities—founded on the sea—that had defied and escaped the vengeance of the Roman and the Goth, and was now bearded in its temples and palaces by a band of desperate adventurers—by robbers and pirates. The spouse of the sea, the Cybele of nations, could it suffer the stain of dishonour to rest upon it—a track of darkness, of dread, of shame, to the invincible and free? Were they, the scourge of the sea robbers, to suffer this? Already the wealth and beauty of their city were borne by sacrilegious hands upon the sea—by bands of men whom they had met, discomfited, and driven from their open haunts into the creeks and corners of the world. The thought was madness; for they knew that their daughters, wives, and sisters would instantly be carried to enrich the seraglios of the infidel—the most hated of all enemies, who kept Venice in continual alarm. How dread a visitation upon the young empress of the seas and isles! to pray in humble guise to infidels, and crouch, for fear of utter shame, under the slave banner of the crescent.

Long and silently had the most daring of the foiled sea-booters watched their opportunity of revenge,—to strike a blow at the lords of the isles, who seemed ambitious of subduing the whole world. The project was as daringly executed as it was conceived: at the dead of night, preceding the festive scene, the pirate chiefs and their crews, mostly composed of renegades, succeeded in concealing themselves in the small canals and creeks opening from the sea at Olivolo. To carry off such a prize of Venetian beauty would at once make their fortunes, and inflict a fearful revenge—an indignity, of all the most galling for such a people to bear. With equal craft and coolness they burst upon their victims ere joined by their

lovers and friends, when headed by the Doge and the magistrates, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of bridal costume. It was the work of a moment: the shrieks, the brief struggle, the capture, and the sight of the pirate boats putting out to sea, conveyed the first intelligence that daughters, wives, and sisters, were in the power of their inhuman ravishers. The only farewell was the cry of despairing brides, heard fainter and fainter as it came borne upon the breeze over the waters. What an agonizing moment!

One, however, had been present who in the midst of danger remained still unappalled; it was the Doge himself—the great Candian III., who took one hurried glance of the pirates at the point where their vessels lay; and soon was heard the grand tocsin, the lion bell of St. Mark, rung only in moments of imminent peril. Then was heard the rush of gathering thousands towards the shore, and the pirate race began. Throwing himself into one of the first boats, the Doge had but one order upon his lips, "*Seguite in traccia*, follow, follow!" the breeze rose brisker as they strained every nerve, but it favoured their pursuers as well.

One prayer to their patron saint rose within the hearts of all, that they might reach the robbers before they had time to couch within their predal lairs. But it was not long the Doge Pietro held the head of the piratical chace;—Andrea de' Cappelli pressed onward in the van of the free trades and artisans of Venice, ready to peril all for the sake of love and vengeance. Andrea was only a plebeian, but he was one of Nature's nobles, and an impassioned lover; and it now became interesting to observe the emulation awakened in the aristocratic sons and brothers who beheld their brides borne by common pirates from their sacred homes. The young Dandoli, the Cornari, the Foscoli, and the Conti, vied with the trades to bring the ravishers first to action, but the Cappelli had marked the vessel which contained their brides, and their efforts were almost superhuman. The ship of Ali Bey, the pirate chief, was the first to present its prow to the trade boats, which rushed on to board her. The action took place near Caorle, and it was fierce as it was brief and decisive. That vessel first struck its colours to the Cappelli; a tacit reproach to the lords, which announced the superiority or good fortune of the people. To give this more marked distinction, Andrea held his youthful bride in one arm, in the other the head of the pirate chief; and shouts rent the air which proclaimed the victory throughout the wide seigniory of Venice. Not a pirate escaped; it was the triumph of fidelity in the heart of a bold and simple people.

Had it not been for the speedy death of the robber chief, Ali Bey, the contest would have been more prolonged. It was a blow to the pride of the lords as well as the pirates, when the heads of the latter exhibited at the prows of the vessels, counted more than two for one in the boats of the common sailors and fishermen of the thousand isles. Not a pirate boat escaped which they attacked; they completed their

work before the patricians; for, with a noble and magnanimous fidelity which evinced the love of their order, instead of assisting the grandees they attacked the violators of their own loves, and were the first, amidst the shouts of the entire city, to bear them back to their nuptial homes. The Doge had the nobleness and good tact to honour the precedence thus won by the commons; crowned with laurel wreaths and garlands, the same with which they had thrown themselves on their bridal prowess, they now marshalled the way back with their young wives and the heads of their too daring ravishers, to their happy friends and relatives. Young Andrea and his bride were received with the acclamations of every rank; for all feelings of jealousy were for the moment lost, and the dance and revelry were renewed.

> "Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
> Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:
> Both children of the isles, though distant far;
> Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;
> Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
> Lov'd to the last whatever intervenes,
> Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
> Which still reverts to what first caught the eye."
>
> *The Island.*

The bodies of the pirates were, by order of the Doge, thrown into the sea, while their heads remained the trophies of their conquerors. The little gate by which they returned from the pursuit was named the *Porto delle Donzelle*, which it bears to this day.

It is surprising how an event of this unforeseen nature gave fresh impulse to the Venetian fame; and the lovely and beautiful rescued from the terrors of an ignominious slavery, felt increased pride and delight in giving their hands to men who had known so well how to defend them.

The first work of the Council was to strike a medal in honour of the artizans of Venice—of that Andrea who led lords and princes the way to honour, and first clasped his virgin bride as he trampled upon the lifeless corpse of his country's enemy. More than this, it was the triumph of the people—it was one of the plebeian class that had honoured his country; and to ingratiate themselves with the rising Venice, the Grand Council placed him in the road of patrician honours, and adopted his bride the daughter of their common country. Urged by the people, they appointed also an annual carnival on the eventful second of February, when the attack took place; and as Andrea, his bride, and his brave companions, were natives of the isle sacred to the lovely Virgin—Santa Maria Formosa—it was stipulated, as a bond of enduring interest between the patricians and the people, that the celebration of the lovers' victory, armed only with crowns of flowers and

the spirit of resistless love and glory, should take place in this less secluded and romantic spot, from whose open and populous shore no sea adventurers dare rush on their intended prey.

As the well-remembered day came round, the Doge was invited to preside at the annual celebration of the festival. Willing to try the temper of the people, and to conciliate them by some further holidays, he affected to raise difficulties, inquiring what he should do in case it rained? "Oh!" replied the friends of Andrea, "we will find *hats* enough (*Cappelli*, a large and numerous family of the hero) to cover your head."—"But if I should have thirst," persisted the veteran, "what shall I do?" —"We will then give you *Da Bere*" (to drink), the name of another plebeian family; and the good-humoured Doge, with the simplicity of those frank and heroic times, joined cheerily in the people's laugh. "You have fairly won your saint's day and holidays to follow it," was his reply. "Benedetta sia La Maria Formosa, and her island of lovely brides and brave men:" and from that hour to the last day of the Republic, the Doge, attended by the Signoria, went in procession to the same church of Santa Maria, where he was presented by the inhabitants of the island with *Cappelli*, hats of golden straw, with flasks of malvazin and some ceranci.* What an idea of happy and unstudied simplicity, observes the historian, in those golden times! Among the few changes which the festival underwent, it formally assumed the name of *Festa delle Marie;* it also became highly patrician in its character as well as national; and it still continued to be celebrated on the day of the Purification. Strangers from all sides hastened to witness its happy and innocent rites, for never pirate again placed foot upon the citadel isles of the sea. The festal day, in truth, became a carnival such as was never equalled in any part of Italy, which continued upwards of eight days; it received the name of Ludi Mariani; and the Marian Games, like the Megalesi, the Cereali, the Floreali, and so many others, became a theme for the poets.

During these eight days, twelve among the loveliest maidens were escorted with all pomp and honour through the city, and they were selected equally from different parts, having equal votes assigned to them on the score of virtue as of loveliness. It was the province of the Doge to confirm the choice made; the respective parishes furnished the state and decorations of the festival, and the nation gladly supported a festival which each day supplied a new spectacle. They also made expeditions by sea, where they were received in state by the Doge in his Bucentaur; formed a magnificent procession and went subsequently to return thanks at the church. They then accompanied the Doge to San Marco, from the lion-steps of which he addressed the assembled throngs, and gave them his paternal benediction,—the first to lead them to battle, and the last to return. They were then considered doubly favoured

* A kind of fruit. The event also formed the subject of a noble poem by Carlo Gozzi and his friends.

* Those "golden times" — all those old times are golden
To him who burrows in the dust of ages,—
Studies Antiquity to hoard its rust,
~~And~~ not to learn its Spirit, —

by Heaven, and the *Marie*, as they were termed, were courted and fêted by patricians and citizens of the highest rank.

It is humiliating to human pride to trace the progress of corruption in the best and most innocently devised ceremonies, which had their origin in the purest and grandest motives. It is with reluctance we are bound to add, that with the alteration of early customs and manners, women of a very different or rather indifferent character found their way into the places of the pretty *Marie*; till at length the patience of the magistrates and of the people became alike exhausted; wooden images were substituted, and instead of being attended, like the brides of Venice, with pomp and circumstance, they were heartily pelted by throngs of boys and girls;—as if to show that the influence of beauty must have an end.

MARINO FALIERO, ON READING THE WORDS ASPERSING HIS WIFE.

The young man's wrath is like the straw on fire,
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.

WERE we to search the entire annals of modern history, it would be difficult to find events fraught with more strange romantic interest than the conspiracy of that Doge, who, among all perhaps, shed the greatest lustre upon his country, and the no less singular cause out of which it is believed to have sprung. It has all the pathos and stirring action of the most moving drama; the hero of it was a man of the loftiest mind and intellect, who had raised himself to the highest dignity of the state, yet who fell from his "pride of place," as if struck by a thunder-bolt, nearly destroying the Venetian government itself in his fall. After a career of brilliant successes, alike in war, in diplomacy, and in consolidating the extensive conquests he had won, he was presented in the year 1354 with the ducal crown, bearing the title of "Duke of the Commonwealth of Venice," added to the numerous titles and dignities which he before enjoyed.* What was still more honourable, it was conferred upon him in his absence, while he was ambassador at the court of the Pontiff; and a deputation of twelve was dispatched by the Great Council to bear the tidings, and salute him in his country's name, upon his way from Rome. He was received with every public honour which could give additional zest to the triumph of the favourite of fortune, who had extended the republic's power beyond the pillars of Hercules, worsted the Grand Signor in many a battle, planted colonies, and fixed the banner of the Venetian lion in every quarter of the world. Yet almost bending under the weight of a life of honour and glory, as he was, rather than of years, one sentiment more delicious than all gave an ineffable charm to his return—his young and beauteous bride—the orphan daughter of his dearest friend—the unrivalled Angiolina—the envy of all female eyes. Strange that she should have preferred the great Faliero, stricken as he was in years, approaching his twelfth lustre, to his own nephews and grandsons, of whom she had the choice, to all the gay, the youthful, the wealthy of the land, whose

* Lives of the Doges—Marin Sanuto. He was Podestà and Captain of Treviso, Count of Valdemarino, a knight of many orders, and of prodigious wealth. at his coronation he was 76 years of age—

families had been proud to ally themselves with the daughter of him who had fallen in the arms of victory, in those of his friend Marino Faliero, in battle with the haughty crescent!

It was for this, being her own free choice, that never a shade of doubt or jealousy as regarded his tender ward—his fair bride—the hope and solace of his remaining days, had crossed the noble mind of Faliero; he knew she loved him for his lofty qualities; for his virtue and his glory's sake—for he was beloved by the people as he was envied by his former peers; and never a word of jealousy or reproach had tainted his lips. He threw himself confidently upon her honour; the confidence was not misplaced, for honour and virtue, the spring of all their actions, were dearer to both than life. The fear of evil, indeed, was on the lady's side and that of their friends, who knew the hasty temper, the high punctilious sense of honour which actuated every thought and feeling of the princely Doge. When provoked, his rashness and passion were sometimes ungovernable; it was remembered, at the time he was Podestà and Captain at Treviso, he had boxed the ears of the bishop, who was somewhat tardy in bringing to him the Host. Here was the first offence, the evil augury, which his honest biographer is of opinion would infallibly bring down upon him the judgment of Heaven* at some future period, most probably ere he terminated his mortal career. This was at least a pleasant way of prophesying after the event; but unfortunately for the writer's theory, the great Doge was prudent enough to make his peace with the church, became ambassador to the Holy See, and was invested with the Val di Marino, a title of Count, by the Lord Bishop of Ceneda; quite sufficient expiatory performances, in the ecclesiastical sense at least, to atone for the involuntary outbreak of a hasty moment.† Besides, the new Doge or Duke of Venice had reached an age in which the passions are greatly mastered, if not subdued, unless some untoward and unexpected event should rouse the slumbering embers into a fierce and active flame; but whom had the greatest and most honoured of all his fellow-citizens to dread? he, who had bound his country in golden fetters of willing love and service, by destroying her most dreaded enemies, and by accepting, wholly unsolicited, the honours which she gratefully awarded him? Never did power acquired by a life of hard service; fame, the reward of great and perilous actions; love, the myrtle crown of a generous and noble manhood—dearer to pure and high-souled woman than the trickeries of gaiety and youth, seem to promise a more calm and delightful evening to life's day of honourable toil, of high and stern resolve, of unparalleled success.

* His name was Marin Sanuto, who "saddled him with a judgment," says Lord Byron, "as Thwackum did Square;" but he does not tell us whether he was punished or rebuked by the senate for this outrage at the time.

† Sanuto. Sandi. Navagero. Morelli. Lettere su Venezia.

As he drew nigh the shores of the City of the Isles—the queen of every sea—a sensation of rapture swelled his bosom, as the benefactor of his country looked back on his past career, and reflected that he had gained the prize he grasped at, when half a century before he had sailed with such a fleet upon his first expedition, and that, by devoted years of youth and manhood, he had won and deserved an old age of peace and love and honour in his country's eyes. He dwelt too with delight upon the soul-beaming looks, and heartfelt rapture of his youthful bride, by whom he had long been beloved, with an enthusiasm and devotedness almost idolatrous, whom the breath of calumny had never approached, and who seemed to combine, in his dream of happiness of his last years, to be spent in his beloved Venice, all the qualities of the tender companion and wife, in the person of the child of his most faithful friend. Strange that fortune should have accompanied him to the close of so brilliant a day, and deserted him at such an hour to the chillness and darkness of a sudden night; but it seemed that to enjoy fortune like his, man must not live too long, if he would avoid the penalty attached to a distinguished career.* Some writers, chiefly modern, in particular M. Sismondi, rashly accuse this great man of mean and ill-placed jealousy of the youthful wife who had preferred him; an accusation wholly at variance with the fearless, free, and magnanimous character of the patriot and the man. Such a supposition is no where borne out by the old chroniclers before us, nor by the best Italian historians, and it has given the writer pleasure to observe that the author of "Childe Harolde," in his fine drama upon the same subject, was fully aware of this truth.

The Greeks and Romans pictured their mighty Nemesis, as always on the track of such fortunate mortals, waiting the moment to strike them down by a sudden blow.

When the new Doge, accompanied by a magnificent train, was about to land on the 5th of October, 1354, on returning from his Roman embassy, it was observed as a singular occurrence that a thick fog came on, which for some time baffled the skill of the mariners, and at length they were compelled to make ground at the Place of St. Mark, between the columns where malefactors were executed, a circumstance which brought to mind the former threat of the bishop, who declared "that Heaven would deprive Marino Faliero of his right senses, in order to bring him to an ignominious death." At all events, the setting foot on the place of execution was regarded as no good augury; and not long afterwards, on occasion of a splendid festival, *Dei Tori*, given by Faliero in commemoration of his accession to the ducal dignity, it happened that a certain Michele Steno, a poor but spirited and daring patrician, found his way amongst the women in the state saloon, where he conducted himself so indiscreetly as to draw the attention of the Duchess herself, to one of whose attendants he was paying his court, and the Doge immediately gave command that he should be removed, even by violence, from the spot. This was effected before the whole assembly; the imaginary insult, provoked by himself, rankled in the bosom of the rash youth, and,

* Darú. Sismondi. Langier.

Lord Byron's "Marino Faliero" * Perhaps the reply of Angiolina, to the Chief of the Ten, in answer to the request of the ribald Steno, is one of the grandest specimens of the power and pathos of our mother tongue that our literature affords.— another, is Faliero's tremendous "Curse" — on Venice, — blazing with the gold, and diamonds of lofty thought — — BD —

If Lord Byron had written nothing else than the dramas of Faliero, and the Foscari — these alone were an immortality of fame, while the English language remains

instigated by anger and revenge, he watched his opportunity, stole to the audience chamber, and, with all the treacherous spleen of Iago, traced upon the ducal chair the fatal words:—"Marin Falier, marito della bella moglie, altri la gode;—egli la mantiene."—This atrocious accusation, proclaimed in a public hall of audience, obvious to all eyes before it met those of the injured party, was calculated to rouse feelings of the sternest indignation—of the most irremediable wretchedness in the breasts of its high-souled and, till now, ever blameless and honoured victims. The officious friend, who should have obliterated, directed the Duke's eye to the hateful charge; the young wife was the same instant summoned, he pointed to it, and she had no sooner become aware of its fatal purport, than turning away she clung to him in an agony of terror; for she seemed to read the griefs and calamities of the future, as with more than the energy and vehemence of youth, he raised his clenched hand to Heaven, while the other encircled the fainting form of his young wife, and invoked the bitterest curses and revenge upon the reckless perpetrator of so foul a calumny, though not for an instant did he inculpate the humbled one who, in the simple act of throwing herself upon his protection, instead of starting aside in terror, proclaimed her innocence, her confidence, and her love.

Yet even this did not seem to mitigate the uncontrollable passion of the Doge, who felt the honour of both, and that of the state wounded through them in the tenderest part, and it was in vain that she, placing her hands in his, and clinging to him with appealing tenderness, sought to soften his rising anger. There is something terrible in the concentrated passion of an aged man, for age is naturally an enemy to violence and wrath, and more slowly moved to exhibit that which it feels—

> Young men soon give and soon forget affronts,
> Old age is slow at both.

The affair was brought before the senate; a reward was offered by the Avogadori for the discovery of the culprit—and Ser Michele soon stood before them, and confessed his guilt. The council met, and decreed that in consideration of his youth, and the cause which had driven him to the rash act—love for an attendant of the Duchess—he should suffer two months close imprisonment, and banishment during one year from Venice. In this sentence, so disrespectful to the ducal dignity, the subsequent events took their rise—their fatal rise;—to be hanged, or banished for life, was the least justice which the Doge thought he had a right to seek at the council's hands. There were not wanting incidents to foster resentment:—a gentleman of the Barbari went to transact certain business with the masters of the galleys. The Admiral happened to be present, and declared that it could not be done. High words arose, and in his passion Barbaro struck the Admiral a severe blow between the eyes; he had a ring upon his finger, and the lord of the sea bled freely. All bruised and covered with

blood he ran to the Doge for justice—"What would you have me do?" replied the latter; "I have myself been shamefully calumniated, yet how did they punish Steno? you see how the Forty respect the head of the state!" Angry and imprudent words, and as fatal in their tendency;* for on this the Admiral observed,—"If you wish to be a prince, I have the means and the heart to avenge both your own honour and mine; besides freeing our country from a most intolerable yoke!" Upon this they began to converse, others joined them, and the conspiracy was set on foot. Disgust at the mean conduct of the council, wounded pride, ambition, and perhaps more patriotic feelings, induced the Doge to enter into the plot. To restore the ancient democracy, to be the first, the free and honoured citizen of a great state, renovated and reformed by himself, while the insects that had stung him almost to madness had ceased to exist,—these hopes overcame his cooler judgment; in all which the intense desire of washing out the stain on his fair and chaste wife's honour was still the prevailing motive. He expected also, by placing himself at the head of the revolution, to be able to guide and check its movements, so as to preserve that which was most useful to the constitution of the state.

The secret was kept with wonderful fidelity; the day fixed upon was the 15th of April, 1355, and the proud aristocracy slept on the edge of the precipice undisturbed. One of the conspirators, moved by compassion for a friend, entreated him not to attend the Grand Council on the following day. This friendly caution was met by threats and a denunciation to the Ten, and the whole conspiracy was exposed. Upon learning that the great Doge was at the head of the combination, the Council were for some time awed and struck with terror, so that no one at first dared either to speak or move. It was doubted† also whether the Council had the power to proceed against him, conspirator as he was; but they soon began to gain courage, and got over all scruples by asserting that, when duly considered, the Doge was only the first subject of the Republic.

The result is soon told;—the arrest of the Doge—the agony and despair of the youthful Angiolina, who in vain solicited for a remission of the sentence which Faliero himself scorned to ask. He was condemned to death,—the ducal honours were torn from his dress; and, dragged like the meanest felon to the Staircase of the Giants, up which he had ascended with so much ill-omened vivacity on his arrival from Rome, the head of the greatest warrior and statesman whom Venice had yet produced—grown gray in the state's service—was seen to roll in the dust.*

At the same instant the ensanguined sword of justice was exhibited to the people, and one of the Ten cried out in a loud voice—"The terrible doom hath fallen

* Croniche di Venezia. Lettere di Darú.

† Sanuto. Morelli. Chronicle. Lettere di Venezia.

* I stood on this spot in 1844, and memories of that stormy Past rose before me "Like Samuels shade to Saul's monarchic eyes."— Indeed to the thinker, familiar with Venitian history, especially in Her day of power and prosperity,— every stone around the Piazza di San Marco, seems like the wand of the Sibyl, calling up Spectres of her mighty Past, Warriors, Statesmen, Sculptors, Painters, Poets, — Enter that grand old Ducal Palace, and ponder in the Hall of her bloody council of Ten!— Or ascend that tall Campanile, and stand 300 feet above Venice, and look around, and a 1000 years expand their dreamy wings around you. J.B.

upon the ~~people~~ Traitor is the word!" The doors were opened, and the crowd rushed in to behold the corpse of the Duke who had been beheaded.*

* It will not be uninteresting to subjoin some portion from the drama of Lord Byron, in the scene where the Duchess first learns the treason and the impending fate of her honoured lord, in whose high name, and whose friendship for her father, she took so deep and enduring an interest.

ANG. Is it so?
My lord—my sovereign—my poor father's friend—
The mighty in the field—the sage in council—
Unsay the words of this man! Thou art silent!
BEN. He hath already own'd to his own guilt;
Nor, as thou see'st, doth he deny it now.
ANG. Ay, but he must not die! Spare his few years,
Which grief and shame will soon cut down to days.
One day of baffled crime must not efface
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave acts.
BEN. His punishment is safety to the state.
ANG. He was a subject, and hath serv'd the state;
He was your general, and hath sav'd the state;
He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state.
ONE OF THE TEN. He is a traitor, and betrayed the state.
ANG. And but for him there now had been no state
To save or to destroy; and you who sit
There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters.
BEN. Lady! it cannot be!
ANG. Then die, Faliero! since it must be so,
But with the spirit of my father's friend.

ACT V. SC. I.

Lord Byron's "Marino Faliero" has gems of language that make us proud of the power, Pathos, and harmonic beauty of our mother tongue, which, says Thomas Babington Macaulay, is second to that of Greece, alone.— The scathing, scorching words, addressed to the ribald Steno, by the heroic Princess Angiolina;— and Faliero's tremendous Curse, on Venice, are not surpassed by anything In Grecian, or Roman lore,—

No votary of freedom, and human rights, can regret the fall of that bloody inhuman despotism that ruled for ages in Venice, in her day of power— yet we cannot but sympathise with this fallen, chained, and tortured Queen of the Adriatic, in her mournful eclipse, as she now lays trodden down under the iron heel of the miserable debased Austrian despots— the inhuman Hapsburgs.—

"Oh! for an hour of blind old Dandolo!—
The Octogenarian Chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."— Lord Byron

For a historical sketch of Dandolo
see Gibbon, Decline and Fall, Chap. LX—

GENTILE BELLINI RECOUNTING THE DEEDS OF THE DOGE ENRICO DANDOLO.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

IT was the age of Christian enterprise and heroism, when the church was a church militant, religious orders held the place of feudal chivalry, and crusades were a holy pilgrimage; when Venice was queen of the ascendant, and her fleets and armies, like those of modern Britain, spread over every part of the globe. Barons, knights, and pilgrims, had assembled in the grand dome of St. Mark's; it was the Sunday after the ratification of the contract between them and the Venetians, for their assistance in once more rescuing the Holy Land from the grasp of the infidel. What was the surprise of the congregated host then to observe the aged and nearly blind Doge ascend the tribune, from which, after a pause in which wonder and silence mingled, he thus addressed the assembled meeting:—

"Noble Lords and Signors,—Know that you are associated with the noblest people on the earth, to engage in the greatest enterprise which mortal man can undertake. I am a very old man, feeble and broken down, and have need of repose more than glory, yet knowing of no one who, from authority and dignity, is more capable of guiding you than myself, being your lord, and not unknown among strangers,* if it be your good pleasure that I should take the sign of the cross to watch over and protect you, leaving my son in my place to cherish our common country, I will cheerfully go, and live and die with you and the pilgrims."

The Venetians, on hearing this Christian and patriotic address, cried out, with a loud voice: "We beseech you to do as you have said, and go with us!" At these words, descending from the tribune, Dandolo cast himself upon his knees before the High Altar of Holy St. Mark, and shedding tears of religious rapture, fixed an image of the cross upon his ducal crown.

Upon the Monday of the memorable 9th of November, 1202, being the day of St. Remigius, the fleet, bearing the warriors of the fourth crusade, set sail from the busy and thronged islands, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants of the Queen of the Seas. A nobler armament never unmoored and left a lordly city's ports: the proud aspiring vessels of the barons, with flowing pendants and rich devices, well manned and armed, and with store of provisions, with the shields of the knights suspended along the sides; the gay streamers blazoned with the holy cross in the centre; the national colours of the various pilgrims displayed on the turrets, with which the spacious decks were crowned.

* Lives of the Painters. Felibien. Pilkington. Venetian Sketches. Landscape Annual.

"Before God!" exclaimed the delighted chronicler,* "it was a most glorious prospect to behold. Upwards of five hundred sail stemmed the waters of the Adriatic, and fifty of these were galleys, among which the giant *Mondo*, the World, towered high above its mates. Forty thousand troops were distributed in two hundred and forty transports, while at least seventy strong-built vessels were filled with stores, provisions, and artillery, which exceeded three hundred pieces, besides mangonels and engines of every other description necessary for the assault of cities."

With this combined fleet Enrico Dandolo encountered and overcame extraordinary difficulties, and finally, by his amazing courage and prudence, succeeded in gaining possession of Constantinople itself. Vast territories were by this conquest added to the Venetian dominions; a sum of not less than 900,000*l.* sterling was added to her treasury;† and, to crown all, the illustrious Dandolo was permitted to tinge his buskins with the purple hue, distinctive of the imperial family, and to assume the proud style and titles of "Despot of Romania, and Lord of one-fourth and one-eighth of the Roman Empire."

This famous Doge died in 1206, in his ninety-eighth year; his remains were interred in the vestibule of Santa Sofia, where a marble sarcophagus, adorned with the emblems of St. Mark and other ducal insignia, denoted the place of his repose.

On the capture of Constantinople, in 1453, by the Turks, this monument was thrown down and destroyed; but there were other memorials of this great man which could not so easily be defaced.

The fame of the two Bellini, Giovanni, and his brother Gentile, the masters and fathers of the Venetian School, was not confined to Venice or to Italy, but had travelled into the most remote and barbarous lands. The enlightened and magnanimous Sultan Mohammed II.‡ invited them to his court, then one of the most rich and splendid in Europe. Gentile went to extend his reputation and fortunes in that quarter of the world, and by his talents and agreeable qualities and conversation gave infinite satisfaction to the Grand Turk, and the ladies of his seraglio. But when in the zenith of his favour and rising fortunes, a singular incident led him to abandon the career he had chalked out for himself. He had to paint a Decapitation, and the Sultan, to afford him every advantage by copying from the life, ordered one of his poor slaves to be beheaded in his presence. The *gentle* painter (for he was Gentile in nature as well as name) did not like the augury, and took occasion, shortly afterwards, to solicit leave for a temporary return. Mohammed complied; but intimated his wish that the painter should select something, that he might present it to him as a mark of his esteem. Bellini chose the spurs, cuirass, helmet, and sword, of Enrico Dandolo, which he bore with him to Venice. They were received by the citizens with profound respect and veneration, but by none more than the descendants of the great Doge, to whom the painter presented them, as he is here exhibited, relating, at the same time, the history of the Doge's exploits.

* Sanuto. Muratori. Darú.

† More than eight times the annual revenue of England at that period.

‡ Felibien. Pilkington. Lives of Venetian Painters, &c.

As a broad outline of the Historic facts, of the tragic tale of the Foscari, this is excellent - embodying all its salient points, and shewing the giant irresponsible power of that Spectral demon, the bloody overshadowing, Council of ten. — — that Made Venice "A den of drunkards, with the blood of Princes!" — and loses our sympathies for her, in her day of degradation and bitter trouble — to the extent of a just retribution for inhuman wrongs. so thinks S. T. Sullivan.

FRANCESCO FOSCARI PRONOUNCING SENTENCE OF EXILE UPON HIS SON GIACOPO.

The father softens, but the governor's resolved.

CRITIC.

THE domestic tragedy of the Two Foscari, among the very few well known to English readers out of the innumerable dramas which so fearfully illustrate the genius and character of the Venetian government, belongs to those Italian subjects which, to do full justice to, call for the powers of a Dante and a Michael Angelo, to exhibit them in those grand features so essential to render them awe-inspiring and instructive to the mind. The power of the Doge Francesco seemed as if it would expire only with his life; and verified the prediction of his predecessor Mocenigo, that it would endure longer than would be wished, and in spite of its possessor. Thirty-five years of warfare, four new provinces* won in open field—a manhood of toil, an old age of honour—were enough to entitle a man at the age of eighty-four to retire from the cares of state. His accession to the highest dignity had been obtained by infinite labour both of mind and body; it was the object of his youthful ambition; yet, being once attained, there arrived junctures in his enterprising and troubled career, when he had sought to divest himself of his uneasy grandeur, of its fearful responsibilities, and the fate of so many of his distinguished predecessors. Not only was his proffered resignation refused, but on the second application, he was required to take an oath that he would continue to discharge his ducal office during life.† To have resisted would have been to bring down destruction upon a line of noble blood: he had already lost three sons,—but one, the gentle Giacopo, was yet spared to him, whose alliance with the distinguished house of Contarini, was the hope and staff of his declining years. The fatal policy of the Ten soon became apparent in burthening him with the ducal honours; he had given mortal offence to Loredano, one of his hereditary enemies, and, in 1445, Giacopo was denounced for having received presents from foreign potentates; the offence touched the life and honour of the criminal; he was subjected to the rack, and his own father was compelled to preside at the unnatural scene. Thus inhumanly was a confession extorted, upon which no reliance could fairly be placed; but it was enough to serve the inflexible purpose of the secret mover of the Ten; and from the lips of his father an only son received sentence of banishment for life. He was to appear before the governor of Napoli di Romania once on each day, and the attempt to escape was death. But the unfortunate Giacopo was taken so ill on his voyage, that, on the petition of the Doge and his friends, he was permitted to reside at Treviso, and his wife also to share his exile.

In 1450, a chief of the Ten, the Proveditore Donato, was found assassinated at his own door; and the crime, and the high dignity of the victim, demanded expiation

* Sanuto. Sabellico.

† Justiniani. Lettere su Venezia.

of no common kind. Here they would have had fresh ground upon which to charge the unhappy Foscari, had the victim happened to have been Loredano, who suspected the Doge of foul play to his father and uncle. A story was got up that a domestic of Giacopo had been seen, on the night of the murder, and met in a boat off the port of Mestre, where he had announced the event four hours before it was known in Venice, to one of the Ten. Some unfortunate wretch was arrested and tortured as the alleged servant, but his tormentors failed to wring from him any fresh inculpation of the unfortunate Giacopo. The Ten, instigated by the relentless Loredano, were not, however, to be thus foiled; the exile was recalled from Treviso, again placed on the horrid cords, in his father's sight; but he still nobly and resolutely denied all knowledge of the assassin. He was nevertheless pronounced guilty of the crime, although, as was averred in the charge, on account of "the enchantments and spells in his possession," it had been impossible to extort a confession of the truth; for that he only murmured something to himself indistinctly; and, therefore, as the honour of the State exacts, he is condemned to more distant banishment in Candia." Giacopo lost his reason; was permitted again to visit Venice for his health, and once more remanded to his place of punishment; though the real culprit, Nicolo Erizzo, confessed, on his death-bed, that he was the author of the crime. The proof of Giacopo's innocence brought no mitigation of the cruel and unnatural persecution of his family. Strange that Giacopo still sighed to return to his ungrateful country, which had made his own father the instrument of his sufferings, deprived him of his wife and children, and the sight even of his aged and afflicted parent—a state of mental torment and suspense, added to his broken health and physical sufferings, which he endured with memorable fortitude for a period of six years. Patience and resignation then deserted him; he was seized with that longing of the heart to revisit the scenes of his youth, to embrace his kindred, and to decide his destiny, which, under some circumstances, is wholly irresistible. He adopted the desperate resource of addressing a letter to the Duke of Milan, imploring his intercession with the Republic. The writer was perfectly aware that this document would be conveyed by spies to the Council, and that he should be recalled to Venice to answer for his conduct. It is only the same tale of horror told over again; he was brought back as a malefactor; thirty times was he stretched upon the cord, and finally doomed to perpetual banishment. He was permitted one last interview with his family, for which he had paid so dearly, (for here, at least, the suffering exile was triumphant over all his persecutors), and the parting, as related by different historians, is full of heart-stirring pathos and simplicity.*

The Doge was now extremely aged and decrepid; he could not walk without the assistance of a crutch, yet when he came into the sick chamber to pronounce the last sentence upon his ill-fated son, still suffering from his torments, and surrounded by his weeping wife and child, he spoke to Giacopo in a firm tone, so that a spectator would have thought it was not his son whom he was thus addressing—though it was, indeed, his son—and his only son. When solicited, by the sorrowing exile, to ask mercy once more of their relentless tyrants, to reside in Venice, "Go, Giacopo," was the old man's reply, "go, my son, submit to the will of your country, and seek no

* Sanuto. Darú. Sismondi.

more!" The strong restraint thus put upon the aged father's feelings was more than his exhausted frame could bear; and upon retiring, he fainted in the arms of his attendants. Giacopo, thus deprived of the sole last hope that had supported him through horrors, and torments of mind and body inexpressible, the hope of his fond and gentle nature, of dying in the bosom of his family and his country, lived only to reach his Candian prison, and there breathed his last. His afflicted sire continued to drag along his existence of a few wretched days, but buried himself in the seclusion of his chamber, and never more attended even the sittings of the Councils.

The sequel of the unhappy father's sufferings is soon told. Notwithstanding that he had been sworn to discharge the duties of the head of the government during his life—a painful grandeur, for which he had paid so heavy a price—the influence of his implacable enemy, Loredano and his party, would be satisfied with nothing less than stripping him alive of his honours and dignities, and bringing him to an ignominious end. His hereditary hatred at the sudden death of his father and of his uncle, which he attributed to the Doge, owing to some imprudent words which he had let fall, gave redoubled energy to his secret intrigues and malice.* The grand-minded Doge, aware of the danger of this old hereditary feud between the families, had offered the hand of his daughter, with a rich dower, to the Admiral Pietro Loredano, for one of his sons. The offer was rejected; and the mutual antipathy, only to be removed by the destruction of one of the two families, was thus renewed. It was then that the Doge was heard to observe, as a wise and experienced man naturally would, that so long as the Loredani, father, uncle, and son, continued in power (that is, he meant, members of the Council and Senate), his house was built upon sand. He was met, insulted, and thwarted by the Loredani, at every turning of the State, even after he had held out the hand of amity, and sought, by all means that became a prince and a ruler, to conciliate his deadly foes. In a moment of exasperation he once exclaimed: "I shall never believe myself a prince so long as Pietro Loredano lives!"—and in a short time afterwards the Admiral died in a rather sudden manner—an event which the nephew did not fail to note down. The brother of the deceased, in his quality of Avvogador, at that time instituted a process against Andrea Donato, son-in-law of the Doge, for malversation in his office, pending which the prosecutor, like his brother, suddenly ceased to exist. Still there was not a shadow of proof on which to criminate either Francesco or his son; his whole life, the open greatness and brilliancy of his exploits, his repeated offers to withdraw from the stormy contests and cares of state into the bosom of his family, and, most of all, his desire to bury existing feuds in the intimate alliance of the two houses, form a complete refutation of the calumnious charges brought against him by the disappointed ambition and the mean malice of the son and nephew of these implacable men; of one who, gifted, or rather cursed, with the perfect genius of an Iago, devised and accomplished, by a series of the blackest and foulest schemes and practices, the downfal of one of the noblest, self-illustrious,

* For the view here taken of the causes of the unhappy ruin of the Foscari, the writer is indebted to a curious manuscript, first given by M. Darú, containing the Deposition of Francesco, and forming part of the "Raccolta di Memorie Storiche et Annedote, per La Storia dell Eccelentessimo Consiglio de X." This manuscript forms a portion of the archives of Venice.

and most virtuous families of ill-fated Venice. One sworn enemy in the Council of Ten, of itself always disposed to humble the chief of the Republic, was, in the person of Jacopo Loredano, sufficient to instigate them to the most desperate measures. He had the audacity to propose that they should depose the aged Duke, though they had exacted from him an oath to maintain the discharge of his duties till death, for which the constitution had provided, by appointing the oldest of the Council to act in his place. But to fill the measure of private revenge, it was not difficult to set aside the constitution itself. They had recourse to the vilest arts, of which Loredano was the author and the instrument, and he was even selected as the deputy to convey intelligence to the Doge of his deposition: this he did with a savage exultation, which he could not suppress. Stripped of his ducal robes and dignities, the Doge gave up his ring of office, which was broken in his presence, and on the following day was ordered to retire from the palace by a secret staircase, to avoid the concourse of the people. He refused; declaring he would descend by the *Giant's Steps* which he had mounted,—a noble truth, and a severe reproach of his enemies; and on reaching the bottom of the staircase, he turned round and uttered the following memorable words: "My services called me to enter these walls; the malice of my enemies now banishes me from them." He was respectfully saluted by the immense crowds who witnessed his deposition,—the expression of their sympathy was deep and fervent, though not loud—for they were held in awe by the invisible and irresistible power of their tyrants. Deservedly beloved by the people of Venice for his popular character and measures, no less than for his frank demeanour and great actions, it was the fear of the people which induced Loredano and his associates to command his retiring by the secret staircase; and they further provided for their ungenerous triumph by a decree of the Council carrying the penalty of death against any one who should dare even to pronounce his name. With the same magnanimity which had distinguished him throughout his splendid career, on his arrival in his own house, the first words of the aged statesman and warrior, in a spirit of Christian charity never perhaps before equalled, were: "My friends, learn to forget the injuries of my enemies; let my wrongs die with me!" A stern patriotism and love of country seem to have been the actuating principles of this great man's actions; but, like his equally noble-minded and unhappy son, he was not able to sustain the grief of hearing the consummation of his doom, from the voice of the country he had so devotedly served and loved. The great bell of St. Mark's, which announced to Venice and the world the election of the new Doge, smote upon the ear of Francesco Foscari, and his firmness abandoned him for ever; he was seized with a sudden swoon, and expired on the following morning.

Upon the same day, Jacopo Loredano, who gave out that he had avenged the injuries of his family, entered his counting-house—for, like other Venetian patricians, he was a merchant,—and taking down the ledger in which he had inserted the name of the Doge on the debtor side, for the deaths of his father and his uncle,* he wrote upon the blank space opposite, *L' ha pagata;* "he has paid it!" and closed the fearful account of murderous and rancorous hate as if it had been an ordinary debt.

* L'Histoire Venitienne de Vienolo.

"Thou den of drunkards with the blood of Princes!"
Can we forget this,— in thy fatal fall!—
Can we regret that thou, at last are caught..!
By the Avenging, NEMESIS!—and chrushed!—
We still have justice here,— on evil deeds
And thou hast only justice, meted thee — 213

A City like Venice can only be appreciated by those familiar with her History, and Legends, in the stormy past; as we stand on the real scene of action. What could an ignorant clodhopper make of that Cathedral front?—probably he would admire the beauty of those bronze Horses over its grand entrance. But it requires a mind familiar with the departed glories, of the scene, to swell up to the absorbing Memories the view is so pregnant with. Fancy a bogtrotter, just caught, and turned loose on the Piazza di San Marco?— he has as good eyes as you, but knows not what he sees?— that grand Byzantine Temple, that impressive, half Arab, Ducal Palace,—Why, a shingle Meeting-House, A Town-Hall, in Ruskin's "Mud-Hut"— style, would please him better— What could a man wholly ignorant of us, and our history, make of Bunker-Hill,— except to wonder what that great "Stone Spike"— that's "drum" through it, means. —

THE MISTAKEN HAND.

The thought-fixed portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-lived pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever desert shade.

BEATTIE.

Those that sow the wind, reap the whirlwind

ARBITRARY authority, if not exercised with extreme prudence and moderation, almost invariably recoils upon the heads of its employers. This truth, so apparent in history, has seldom been allowed to appear in those family annals which would be found to contain thousands of dark and fatal events,—deep domestic tragedies, springing from the same unhappy causes, but which, known only to the wretched actors themselves, have never furnished a public spectacle. If traced through its various forms, in none shall we find it to have produced more heartfelt suffering, or more disastrous consequences, especially by the wreck of youthful happiness, than in the excessive, or rather absolute power given by the law to parents, and permitted to extend over a period which decided the destinies of their too frequent victims for ever. Were it not that we had become gradually familiar with the laws, the customs, and, most of all, the early practice regarding this species of irresponsible authority, we should be astonished, in tracing the manners of our ancestors, to read the state of absolute and brutal vassalage—the utter prostration of the young mind and heart, to which the youth of both sexes were subjected long after years of puberty, by the parental law, which gave all but the power of exposing their offspring at a public sale, as they did their slaves and prisoners. In a state of slavery, children are always regarded in the light of young menials, the worth of whom is the price that they will bring. Every object is viewed with an eye to the slave mart; and when the actual right of sale over slaves and children is put an end to by law, the next stage of society which follows is one in which the form only of absolute dominion is wanting, in which habit and custom continue to maintain their hold. This peculiar state of transition from unredeemed oppression to just laws and more enlightened views of society, is observable in the history of every modern nation, and it obtained in England for a considerable period after the abolition of domestic slavery and the law of sale, between the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I. In the letters of Lady Jane

Grey, and in contemporary accounts given by parents and tutors respecting the progress of education, and the ideas of school as well as home discipline,* we should be amused, if we were not indignant, on reading passages which show how far the domestic tyranny and oppression exercised by their predecessors influenced the parents and tutors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We are told by that mild and accomplished lady herself, that she was not allowed to show herself except in great form, before her lady-mother, to appear in deshabille, or to sit or work in her presence, without special permission; the infringement of which rules brought down a hearty buffeting. And she, on one occasion, declares, that her said lady-mother had boxed both her ears, and forbade her to enjoy the favour of appearing in her presence until she had fully expiated some trivial and unintentional offence. Even in the days of Richardson and of Mrs. Chapone, we perceive the same spirit of assumed dictatorial rule, when the letter of the law was wanting, which characterised more remote and barbarous times; and parents, with infinite coolness, may be said to have made traffic of their daughters' happiness in the marriage mart, knocking them down to the most approved bidder, in the same manner as their ancestors had done their slaves and prisoners before them. Clarissa was only an example of an entire class—an incident founded in fact, and selected from the thousand distressing scenes and calamitous events and catastrophes which followed the imprudent and arbitrary disposal of children—not as rational beings, capable of thought and feeling, but as if they were lifeless bales of goods. If this arbitrary sway was productive of so much unhappiness, and even strange and startling fatalities to the young of both sexes, who, under a different system, might have been also the happy and the gay, as the young ought to be,—if this were so in comparatively free and generous England, we may form some idea of what it must have been in other lands; how nunneries and monasteries were filled; how poison, the dagger, the sea, and still more dreadful instruments, were the grand appeal of lovers, husbands, parents, friends, springing from a false mistaken system of parental rule, education, and the power of compelling their children to obey even the most unjust behests. If we think for a moment of the innumerable unknown, untold-of wrongs thus perpetrated, of the tragic deeds to which they gave rise—no where more than in the Italian courts and republics, and the houses of the higher and middle orders—we should retire from the contemplation of the subject in sorrow more than in anger, but with a firm persuasion that, as in some dreadful battle, a single impressive incident would be more likely to affect even the belligerents themselves, than a round estimate of the millions who may have fallen in the long and protracted struggle. Of this single truth we shall avail ourselves in relating the following story, which happens to illustrate, most pointedly, the view of the subject we have taken, and which may yet serve as a beacon to show the dangerous shoals and rocks upon which

* The works of Selden, Knox, Jeremy Taylor, and others.

so many wrecks of youthful life and happiness have been made. Perhaps in no city in the world was this fearful and fatal arbitrary system carried out to such an extent of terror and calamity, throughout all the departments of government, of society, of private families, of all except the lowest and poorest, as in Venice—the city of secret tribunals, dungeons, and punishments—insomuch that the objects of public or private enmity were not even seen to disappear.

It was this mysterious, invisible tyranny, extending its paralyzing power alike over children, domestics, and friends, and the manner in which it was wielded by the Councils, to the destruction of the greatest benefactors of the country, that led Petrarch, the friend of Rienzi and of Marino Faliero, and other distinguished writers down to Alamanni, to predict the fall and utter ruin of the Republic. There is one warning more particularly applicable, from its singular adaptation to the recent existing condition of Venice:—"If thou changest not," it runs, "thy liberty, which is already on the wing, will not endure a century more than the thousandth year."*—"Now, if we carry back," says the historian, "the epocha of Venetian freedom to the establishment of the government under which the Republic flourished, we shall find that the date of the election of the first Doge is 697; and if we add one century to a thousand, that is, eleven hundred years, we shall find the sense of the prediction to be literally this: "thy liberty will not last till 1797."

We must recollect that Venice ceased to be free in the year 1796, the fifth year of the French Republic; and we shall perceive that there never was a prediction more pointed or more exactly followed by the event. It should also be noted as not less remarkable, that the three lines of Alamanni, who died in 1581, fall so exactly in with the prescribed time, a circumstance not hitherto alluded to by any one.

Se non cangi pensier, l'un secol solo
Non conterà sopra 'l millesimo anno
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo.

Many prophecies have passed for such, and many men have been called prophets, for much less cause than this.

The same arbitrary spirit, and stern unreasoning obstinacy and resolve on the part of the Elders or Councils of the city, which produced so many dire calamities as to authorise these sinister auguries, were the cause of infinitely more domestic sorrows and sufferings, till all were swept away in one indiscriminate desolation.

Laura di Guarda was the daughter of a patrician, a merchant who resided near the Merceria. He had been exceedingly fortunate in his transactions, had amassed an ample fortune, and might consider his daughter as a match for one of the first families of the state. It was not so with the poorer branch of the Cornari; they had failed in all their speculations, and, to crown their disasters, perished in their last vessel at sea,

* Ginguené, vol. ix. p. 144. Lord Byron quotes and remarks on the singular fulfillment of this prediction, and on the lines of F. Alamanni.—

leaving an orphan son at Venice, young Vittorio, a distant relative of the fair Laura. On his return from the university of Bologna, he was invited to his kinsman's house, and entered the mercantile firm of the Cornari. During this period, of five years, it was that the strong affection, never to be obliterated, arose between the youthful cousins; but on becoming aware of it, the surprise and indignation of Luigi Cornaro knew no bounds; and from that moment the peace of mind, the young hopes, scarcely unfolded or known to herself, of the gentle girl, were lost for ever. The artful father taking advantage of Vittorio's predilection for a military career, obtained for him a situation in the army sailing for Cyprus, under one of the Dandoli, having secretly resolved, with the sternness of a Councillor of the Ten, that he would either wed his daughter, or immure her in a nunnery, before his young relative's return. It was an easy victory to the crafty father, who worked on the finest and noblest feelings of the lovely and tender Laura; the only advocates she had were tears; she had been accustomed not only to obey, but to venerate her father; the only alternative allowed was to marry his oldest and most wealthy patrician friend Di Guardi, or retire into a nunnery, where she would never even behold the face, or hear the voice of her loved and lost Vittorio more. She became the wretched wife of the proud, unbending, money-worshipping Di Guardi, whose family conceived that she was too highly honoured in being allowed to adopt their name, and to bear with their cold and haughty manner towards her, who had been cherished and adored by her former companions.

Terror of her father had already nearly paralysed her heart and affections; her fine fancy, her lively temper, her bright accomplishments, all drooped, and she long appeared lost in alternate fits of forced affected gaiety, and the deepest and most absorbing gloom. It would appear that previous to Vittorio's departure, some vow must have been exchanged, some plan of hearing from each other adopted, from the manner in which she seemed continually employed at her escritoire, during the absence of the cold and selfish Di Guardi. But wealth and power, such as he brought with his alliance, were sufficient to throw a factitious lustre round characters far more dubious than his. The youthful and inexperienced Laura was thus brought into immediate contact with princes and nobles, the most fashionable and exclusive circles of the then splendid Venice. Yet amidst the gay revelries, surrounded by offers of *service*, as they were gallantly termed, the most princely, no *cavaliere serviente* made the slightest progress in a smile, a look of hers; "a still small voice" whispered her of those early days, those young and bright impressions never to be obliterated; and strange indefinite wishes, before unknown to her, led her to count the hours when the grand expedition of the Dandoli against the Turk would return from the Greek isles. Her whole heart and soul absorbed in the idea of seeing once more the object, for whose sight she had paid so sad a price,—once, before she separated from the world for ever,—could support her even through the frivolities and dissipations of a Venetian carnival, rendered her proof against the strongest temptations, which the coldness and

sternness of her consort must have made tenfold more dangerous for an exquisitely beautiful, enthusiastic, and neglected bride. Her guardian genius, in the associations mingled with her youngest and brightest thoughts, were as the ægis of Minerva, which turned every weapon of the enemy, and left her, like the son of the Greek, invulnerable in every part, except the one which no healing art, no waters of oblivion, could reach. Could she forget that in her youth she had a companion, the partner of all her innocent sports; her defender against the petty aggressions of her little neighbours; her constant helpmate in her studies and in her walks—the old ballads and the music to which she was so passionately attached—her more than brother and sister and friend—all in one? And now, though far from home, he was serving his country in the army of the republic; his name began to be bruited in the mouths of his fellow-citizens—and soon it was known that in a succession of desperate engagements with the troops of the Grand Signor, which ended in the occupation of Cyprus, the young Vittorio Gonzaga, owing to the extraordinary losses sustained, stood next in dignity and place to the Venetian commander-in-chief. Who shall describe the mingled feelings of exultation, delight, and regret; the thousand contending emotions which shook the bosom of the hapless and devoted bride, when she learnt that he was on the point of returning to his native city, to bear the glad tidings of the Venetian victories; and that he was to be received by the senate and council, in the name of the republic, with every honour she could bestow on her greatest and most fortunate citizens?

As the bearer of "glad tidings," Vittorio became the cynosure of all eyes, as much honoured for his valour as beloved for his handsome form, and open ingratiating manners. Let us imagine, for no words can describe his feelings, upon finding his first and only love the wife of another. What a meeting! was ever one so full of mingled wretchedness and rapture as theirs?—how accursed the low vanity, avarice, and lust of power which had sacrificed them both, when now he had been enabled to offer to her house an alliance which the proudest would not have spurned. It seemed to the wretched bride, who saw in the object to whom she had been sacrificed every thing calculated to disgust, as if she were debarred from looking abroad on the young and beautiful of the earth for some kindred spirit; though it stood before her, arrayed in the light and loveliness that shone on her young and innocent visions of ineffable love; while to him, the sole impulse of his noblest actions had been the thought of meriting the possession of her, who was to him as the only good on earth, and almost in Heaven. And, alas! if they met too frequently—if the fame of the wife and the soldier was at length shrouded in the pall of the adulterer, who, among the vain and careless worldlings, will cast the first stone at two beings, who young and innocent, may be said to have been more sinned against than sinning; if we reflect for a moment on the harsh conduct of that father and that friend, who could take advantage of their youth and inexperience, coolly to perpetrate an act so full of future calamity and retribution? It is from the slightest causes that empires and states themselves have been

overturned. A careless word, implying censure of her maid—the confidante—and the hope of further benefiting by her treachery, led to a disclosure of the whole affair, confirmed by a letter which she was to have conveyed from the wife of Di Guardi on the previous day.

Outwardly cool and collected, as if it had been an ordinary matter of business, Di Guardi devised a scheme of vengeance, in perfect keeping with the character of the man who could take advantage of the foibles of a friend, and the forlorn situation of his motherless daughter, to gratify his false pride and power, that it might be said he had one of the largest fortunes and the handsomest wives in Venice. Added to these, revenge and hatred now rankled in his bosom. In the most business-like tone he ordered his gondola to be at his glass factories in Murano, where he usually remained till late in the evening. He was seen to depart, but he took care that no one saw him return in the dusk of the evening, and secrete himself on a private terrace that led to his house, where he patiently awaited his victim. The unfortunate lover was struck to the heart by some unseen hand. To wreak his further vengeance by repeating his dastard blows, and breathe in his ear the name of his assassin; to watch the ebbing life with calm atrocity, and after dragging his victim to a retired spot, to envelope himself in his victim's cloak, was the work of so many moments. His next act was to place himself beneath the casement of the lady's balcony, as patiently awaiting her approach as he had done that of her unhappy lover. With a beating heart she came; she herself presented a letter to her supposed Vittorio, which expressed her fears of discovery, and appointing another meeting in a different place for the following day. She dreamed not that day would never rise more upon the beloved object of all her thoughts.

But upon that morrow all Venice was in an uproar. The body of her favourite soldier was found murdered; and suspicions were not wanting, from the same treacherous agency, to point the crime at the house of Di Guardi. The servants were carried before the inquisitors, and separately put to the question; and the betrayer of her lady at once denounced the perpetrator. The more illustrious the victim the less chance had he of impunity. Di Guardi suddenly disappeared; and whether the canale, the forno, or the dungeons beneath the ducal palace received their living prey, was one of the thousand mysteries buried in the bosoms of the Council of Ten; certain it is that he was never more seen in Venice.

Heart struck, and full of horror at the retrospect of her guilt and shame, the unhappy Laura endeavoured by penance and prayer to wash the stains from her soul, though never the form and memory of him—lost and sacrificed—from the tablets of her heart; her remaining days were passed in acts of charity and piety within the walls of the convent of St. Theresa. What must have been the reflections of the grasping and ambitious father, when left alone with his treasures and his ill-omened power?

BENEDETTO MARCELLO,

THE MUSICIAN OF MALAMOCCO.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

It was in that gay season when the first princes and potentates, as well as their prime ministers, were too happy to throw aside the cares of state and assume the disguises of less solemn and pleasanter people, to enjoy a few hours for years of service and vexation,—it was the evening that ushered in the carnival of Venice, when a knot of young nobles were spending their time merrily enough, I warrant, after a splendid supper in one of their palaces, seated picturesquely on the outskirts of the city. Soon one of the party was observed to withdraw himself quietly from the rest; he was seen to support his head on his left hand, to hold a rose in his right, while he began to "sigh like furnace," fixing his eyes, like two fireballs, directly upon the palace on the opposite side of the laguna. For here it was there was then giving a rare feast, in honour of the marriage of Paulo Seranzo with the fair Leonora Manfrotti.

A companion, Alberto Leoni, not one of the most sage and temperate, turning quick round, reproached Benedetto with his ill-humour, adding, "that there were enough of handsome women left in Venice; that it was foolish to lament over one." Perceiving his friend still thoughtful, he took the rose from his hand, promising to send it on his part to the husband, and that he had better think of some verses to accompany the present. "Surely, surely, a young fellow so well qualified as you, Benedetto, must not envy the husband of Leonora, whom in a few hours he would render the most unhappy man in Venice." All the gay company applauded the idea of Leoni; Benedetto, being rather sulky, at first refused; but at length he good naturedly gave way to the wishes of his companions.

The lover began the epistle, but his tears blotted the paper, and Leoni kindly took up the pen and wrote the following:—

"Beautiful Lady.—Benedetto sends to you this rose, and entreats you to remember that the ancient custom is to give the thorns to the husband, and the flowers to the lover." Leoni soon reached the palace, and ascending a little terrace which led to the sleeping rooms, the windows of which, as usual in the warm season, were open, he threw the letter and the rose as nearly as he could upon the couch, and had scarcely again reached his gondola when he saw the company setting out. The companions of the adventurous Leoni applauded his bold design, and were much amused at the idea of the ludicrous consequences that would most likely ensue.

Now Leonora Manfrotti was the beautiful daughter of a noble patrician just returned from his wealthy government of the Morea. He had another daughter, who, owing to some whim of dame Nature, was so exactly like her sister, that only those most intimate with them could possibly perceive any difference between them. Of course, when Paulo, the husband, was aware of the rose's impertinence, to say nothing of the complimentary letter about the thorns, he flew into the greatest rage, and even accused his bride of having some share in this vile injurious transaction. It was in vain she appealed to Heaven in support of her perfect innocence; the jealous husband soon became the cruel tyrant, and, *pari passu*, it followed as a natural consequence, that he soon brought her, or more truly to speak, tormented and pinched her, to her grave. The black and blue spots at first led to the belief that she had been poisoned; but it was subsequently the medical opinion that these were only the effect of the repeated nips and pinches which, in his petty malice against the rose, he inflicted to show that the thorns were not wholly confined to him. She was nevertheless interred with splendid pomp in the church Dei Frari, in the vault of the husband's ancestors, where a funereal light was kept continually burning near her.

Although Benedetto up to that time had lived among the most dissipated youths, he could not help reproaching himself with causing the death of this fair lady; an idea that at length preyed so greatly upon his mind, that he wholly lost the poise of his wits, in other words, became distracted, and one day disappeared from Venice; indeed, it was reported that in an access of folly he had put an end to his existence.

Eliade Manfrotti, the sister of Leonora, was one of those bright and almost ethereal beings that seem to partake more of the celestial than the earthly, so full of soul and grace and love were her least movements and expressions, while a subdued fire and vivacity beamed from her dark eyes, that gave lustre to her whole air. It is not surprising that she should be keenly alive to the charms of music; and in certain moods it made a vivid impression on her impassioned mind. It happened that some musical compositions by an unknown hand were at that time greatly admired in Venice. At the funeral of a certain senator that took place in the church Dei Frari, the music of the unknown author was played: Eliade herself assisted in the performance, and was so overcome with the effect of the "sweet harmony" she helped to raise, that she fainted, and from that hour her sole desire was to discover the unknown musician. She could play nothing but the compositions of him who had excited such an irresistible curiosity in her soul, a strange indefinable wish to see him—the dear author of those divine airs she was daily and nightly absorbed in pouring with exquisite expression from her harp or organ. Her prayers and her efforts were alike useless; when asleep she dreamed of him, when awake she thought and sang of him, yet he came not, she saw him not, and she mused her life away.

One night, while she was singing the fragment of a song that had been sent her, trying it again and again, to find in what manner it could best be finished, she started at hearing some one completing the air just as she would have wished it. Seized with

the idea that it could only be he of whom she was in search, she told a servant to follow the gondola, who afterwards reported that it had gone to Malamocco, whither he had not dared to follow it, because the island was not inhabited, and more, because the wife of Faliero, or rather the wife's ghost, was credibly reported to haunt the ruins of the deserted buildings. The only idea that occurred to Eliade, however, was how she could contrive to get to this desert isle, and gain tidings, perhaps, respecting the absent musician. Try to baulk a woman's curiosity, especially in pursuit of a young musician who has caught both her ear and her fancy, if you can! She soon found that the formidable ghost was only an aged woman, who had the reputation of being esteemed a witch; and our curiosity, if not love-stricken heroine, had no objection to employ even a little witchcraft to gratify her incessant longing to see him, especially as she herself had been publicly accused of exercising no little witchery with her eyes. So she disguised herself as a plebeian flower-girl, made her way to the precise spot, fell on the track of the old witch, and taking for granted that she knew more than she ought to know, asked her confidently to direct her to the place where the musical genius resided.

"And what can possess you," replied the old beldame, in a shrill, screeching voice, at the top of her witchcraft, "to come to me, and to ask to find out what you ought not to know. Oh, woman, woman, from the beginning! Father Satan well knew what he was about—an apple, or a handsome musician, it is all one."

"Is he—is he so handsome?" enquired the young enthusiast, "as well as so fascinating—so full of melody—so divine?"—but she was out of breath, and the witch very considerately resumed the word.

"Lady! he who receives the applauses of all Italy, cannot be unworthy to be known."

"And if he is unhappy," was the rejoinder, "I should be so glad to partake his unhappiness—to—to relieve his sorrows."

"I see I need not ask if he is then so dear to you?"

"As dear as my life!" was the wild young girl's reply.

"Well, then, my sweet daughter," said the old woman, dropping her stick, "as you have told me your secret, I will tell you mine. I am not the witch people take me for,—I am not that celebrated hag who for more than thirty years made so flourishing a trade of her oracles. The great Neragadonga is dead; but I, who succeeded in her place to conceal my misfortunes, am alive, and assist him who has no one, not even his own reason to assist him. I nursed him on his coming into this bad world, and I am nursing him again now, on his going out."

"And I am Eliade Manfrotti," replied her fair visitor.

"Heaven, then, has sent you to me," said the old nurse, "for a strange mystery will be made known to you, which will call for all the force and constancy of your soul."

Darkness now began to shroud the earth; the light of the houses in the distance,

and the half-seen gondola moving here and there, were all that could be discerned. The nurse of Benedetto took a light, and invited her companion to follow her. They advanced a good way amongst the ruins, till they arrived at a low narrow entrance, through which they passed, and stopped at a door, where, pausing some time, she turned to her companion: "I repeat to you, my dear, the scene is terrible." She then put out the light, and they entered what appeared to Eliade a large vaulted room, in which a funereal lamp hung from the roof. She entered, and saw, lying near a coffin, a lady of wonderful beauty, at whose feet sat a young man in deep mourning, absorbed in melancholy, who frequently ran his hand carelessly over the keys of an organ which stood near him, and on which lay several rolls of paper, when suddenly he ceased, and fixing his eyes on the body before him, waited as if expecting a reply. The young lady, struck no less by his extreme mildness and symmetry of features than by his beauty and wildness of imagination, so apparent in all his compositions, inferred that he must have suffered some severe loss, but she little conceived that the object of it was her own sister;—and a greater mystery yet remained to be cleared up. He again began to play, and this time sang. The subject was his remorse:—in most touching and beautiful language he besought the pardon of her whom he had so unwittingly brought to an early doom, praying, that in some sphere he might yet be united to her. Then came the fear that the God of Justice would separate the murderer from his victim. It was then that the aged nurse related how the poor gentleman had lost both the lady and his mother, which together had quite upset his wits,—that the lady was her sister;—that he had conveyed the body, by night, from the church, and sought to restore it to life by the charms of harmony.

The wit and resources of women are inexhaustible: Eliade devised an ingenious plan to restore the musician to reason. When Benedetto, the following day, endeavoured to restore his lady-love to life in vain with other instruments, he at length took up his harp and sung the fourth psalm, praying her to arise. The lady, indeed, opened her eyes, and rising from her couch, she thus addressed the delighted Benedetto:—"Am I she whom you regret?"—"Leonora, forgive me," was the reply; "my fault was love—do not be inexorable."

"Death only is inexorable," was the lady's answer, "and will not give up its victim. Ask not for Leonora, but behold her whom you have indeed restored to life since she saw you, and live for her sake and that Italy which so much honours you."

The ingenious expedient of the sister of the lamented Leonora was perfectly successful. Benedetto recovered his reason; and, with the cares of the good old nurse, and the perfect resemblance of one whom he soon called his wife, to his first unfortunate love, was fully reconciled to existence. Yet only few brief, but not unhappy years, remained for the fascinating genius in whom disappointed affection had awakened a soul of harmony and song seldom combined in the most brilliant poets or musicians; who left behind him the finest sacred pieces in the world, and which have rendered his name famous throughout all Italy.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses;
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and close beside 'em
Patriots in parti-coloured suits, that ride 'em.

EPILOGUE TO THE SISTERS.

TOWARDS the commencement of the 15th century, a young gentleman whom the chronicler, no doubt for valid reasons, mentions only by his Christian name, Leonardo, returned to his native Venice, after having accompanied the ambassador of that state to Paris. It has been surmised, however, from the very circumstance of this concealment, that he was a member of some noble and powerful house. At all events he had other qualities, without which, houses of any kind, great or little, soon fall to pieces—sometimes with a very heavy crash—namely, he was clever, prudent, and courageous, with only one foible, and that, unluckily, lying so close and dormant in some niche of his lordly heart and high thoughts, that he was actually not aware of its existence. He was, moreover, eloquent, full of humour and anecdote, and so good natured, that not one of his friends was afraid of asking him for any favour—his hawk, his steed, his dog, excepting always his *hard cash*—a request which always put him upon his *mettle*. No wonder, then, a man who knew how to govern his purse-strings was greatly beloved by the people, for they have invariably the sincerest respect for a strong-box—it is the embodying of the Plutonian principle within their souls; and he was proportionably envied by the old aristocrats, and imitated by the young ones. Though it was believed that he lived amidst the cares of state, his sole ambition seemed to be to pass a merry life, and, according to immemorial custom in such cases, he had a pleasant country house—no doubt for the charms of solitude and contemplation. One day, after extolling it to the skies, a dear friend did him the honour of asking him to lend it to him for a short space, that he might, without fear of having his throat cut, or being thrown into the Grand Canal, meet there a certain young lady, of whom he drew the most charming and fascinating portrait. Leonardo, of course, consented, and then carelessly asked respecting the birth, fortune, and accomplishments of the fair *incognita*.

All he heard, however, only tended to whet his curiosity; and, without consulting the point of honour, or prudence either, he hid himself for a freak behind a screen in a room, through which he knew that the new occupant would pass, and where he should see her divested of her envious veil. The plan succeeded to his wish; the lovers entered this apartment about midnight—his young friend having apparently

whispered some words, took off the fair one's veil, spite of a little resistance, real or pretended. A more perfect beauty never appeared before the eyes of Leonardo, or those of mortal man, as he then deemed; for there was such an exquisite simplicity, innocence, and gentleness in her soul-beaming face, that you almost forgot to look at those eyes of soft, yet sparkling blue; and in her whole air and motion there was an enchantment that made it treason to love and witchcraft to defy. So great was the force of the charm, that the most prudent man in Venice—the right hand and glove, you may say, of a Venetian ambassador, forgot where he was—who he was—what he was—and, like the mathematician who in squaring the circle lost his identity, and was peering for himself in every corner of the college;—so lost was poor, prudent Leonardo behind the screen, and how will he find himself again? He tried to remember who his friend was, what he was about, and who the lady *must* be; but all to no purpose. He was clean gone out of himself; it was too late to call her simplicity a mask of hypocrisy, her beauty an error of nature, her apparent innocence only a lure to deceive and betray. It was this attempt to dislike and detest her which impressed her features so powerfully on his heart and memory.

Now Leonardo was not a match to be sneered at; for his alliance was sought by the richest and most noble aristocrats of Venice; or, at least, by their wives and daughters—*more* than the same thing. Being resolved to blot out the thoughts of her he had seen by one grand effort—as a man takes a still stronger poison to cancel another—Leonardo swore he would marry; for unless he had taken an oath, so prudent a man would never have kept his word in so desperate a thing. He began to try to court by degrees the daughter of an old friend, and a very powerful senator. Having obtained permission from the lovely Eliza herself, he commenced by passing every day twice or three times under her balcony. Although she looked out at the windows, he did not much look up at them—his weak and wicked thoughts still reverting to the unknown beauty, which brought his eyes again to the ground; besides, what use in looking up, when it was plain that the lady had a veil on? This was, at least, very philosophical, if not very lover-like; till, at length, he mustered propriety enough to complain of the strange conduct of his intended in thus concealing herself; but he was put off with a vow, forsooth, made to the Virgin, when she was a little girl, not to show her face to any one except her father. This being highly satisfactory to a jealous lover, such as Leonardo was not,—the day of marriage, at a snail's pace, and drawn by any thing but genuine "loves and doves," or "bills and rills," actually did arrive.

The friends and relations of both families assembled at the mansion of the aged senator; and Leonardo, agreeably to the custom, received the guests as they arrived at the door of the palace. He was the last to enter the great hall, which shone and sparkled with the splendour and beauty of the inmates, no less than of the magnificent decorations. The nobles occupied some *dais* or steps presenting the form of an amphitheatre; at one end stood a priest, dressed in his canonicals, busily praying

before a grand altar. Family trophies, blackened by age, hung upon the walls, and the brilliant lights were hardly sufficient to expel entirely the sombre hues which fell from the stained windows upon that old and spacious hall.

At the moment Leonardo entered, the adjoining apartments of the bride were also opened; all eyes were directed towards that particular spot, and she appeared amidst exclamations of wonder and enthusiasm at the sight of beauty so dazzling and enchanting as hers. What were the bridegroom's sensations when he beheld the supposed mistress of his friend! he was struck dumb; he drew his breath with difficulty; he essayed to speak, and to expose her shame before the world; but his tongue cleaved to his mouth. His eyes were riveted on that sweet enchanting smile —that look of innocence, the same as before. Her father stood at her side; her young bridal friends surrounded her; and all looked so happy that, in the generosity and magnanimity of his soul, he could not—no, he could not, quench in darkness and dishonour the light and beauty of so fair a scene. Besides, would he not be denounced as a capricious, unreasonable, and inanimate villain, or idiot, in the face of his loveliest countrywomen and their lords—their sons and daughters? Heavens! what was he to do? she had already received the benediction of her father, and was advancing towards him with extended hand. What an ineffable charm in that look! what grace and dignity in her manner! yet Leonardo started back as if a scorpion was crossing his path. "No!" he cried out, "she can never be my wife; I can never wed my friend's mistress!" and he glared wildly and savagely around him. Once only the lovely creature raised her eyes to his, and then fainted. Astonishment and dismay seemed to have struck every person in that fair assembly dumb; only the father, calling for aid, supported his sinking child. The moment she was borne out, the aged senator approached Leonardo, and seizing him fiercely by the arm, he exclaimed indignantly, "Is this, Signor, a premeditated insult—to me—to my family? or are you prepared to explain and apologize, and resume the ceremony?"—"Never!" replied Leonardo, firmly, and, at this word, a cry of vengeance resounded through the recesses of that ancient hall. Swords gleamed—poignards glistened—old rusty arms were torn from the walls. The friends of Leonardo hurriedly drew round, and encircled him—ill-armed as they were to sustain an attack—and the scene of festival was turned into an arena of fury and confusion horrible to behold—the cries of the ladies and the priests, the threats of men, and the anguish of the wretched senator, who now repenting his anger, sought to allay, with all the force of his authority and eloquence, the rising storm. "I renounce," he exclaimed, "every kind of vengeance —stay your hands! I leave it to Him who only has a right to avenge insults offered to grey hairs like these." With these words he shrouded his head in his gay bridal cloak, and retired followed by all his friends.

Not many days subsequently the body of Leonardo was found, pierced in twenty places by the hand of an assassin, each wound clearly marked with the small black speck of the stiletto, free from blood.

ALVISI SANUTO AND THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

> " I fain would know, my gentle host,"
> He cried, " if this its strength hath lost;
> I fear, relaxed with midnight dews,
> The strings their former aid refuse."
> With poison tipt his arrow flies,
> Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
> Thus loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
> " My bow can still impel the shaft;
> Tis firmly fixed, thy sighs reveal it,
> Say, courteous host, can'st thou not feel it? "
>
> ANACREON.

ALVISI SANUTO was a young man, who, by his early force of mind, had given his country great hopes of him, and his future fortunes. Already had he signalised his courage at the battle of Lepanto, where he did wonders; and, in political associations, by his great prudence and foresight, more than once astonished the Great Council. Venice had marked him in the number of her best citizens; but, alas! for man and his prospects, with this goodly show of bravery before them, the greatest and wisest have been known to perish by an infamous and ignominious death. Strange, too, that his own high spirit and virtue seemed destined to produce so early and unexpected a close to his brilliant career.

It is well known that in those times the laws of Venice, and the penalties inflicted for real or imaginary offences, were of the severest character. The women scarcely went out of their own dwellings, except to attend mass, and then they appeared in veils, which enveloped both face and figure; and we may observe signs of this ancient strictness still remaining in the structure of the balconies of the palaces, of which the parapets were made so high and massive that it was difficult to observe any one from them.

The French Ambassador, the Sieur de Brantôme, arrived in Venice with a pomp and circumstance that roused general curiosity, and which, as well as the manners of their Gallic allies, were much at variance with the Venetian national peculiarities, and altogether new to the inhabitants of the Lagune.

The ladies, for instance, who accompanied Amalia, the fair daughter of the Ambassador, evinced a sprightliness and vivacity which gave rise to considerable

surprise and scandal on the part of the more simple Venetian circles. The young lady was only seventeen years of age; but possessed a gentleness and elegance of manner, which, if not essential to beauty, is more powerful than more handsome features in subduing the soul.

Sanuto had the misfortune to behold her during the ceremony of her being presented to the Doge, and she appeared to his eyes rather in the light of a supernatural being than any mortal mixture of earth's mould. He gazed upon her till he forgot where he stood, and till she became conscious of his strange conduct; for where is the beautiful woman who does not observe him who looks upon her with admiration like his? She read in the noble countenance of Alvisi all that he felt, and so unequivocally expressed. She was moved, and for the first time her heart palpitated, and her thoughts became troubled. Alvisi from that day was a changed man, for he knew that his misery could have end only with his life. The severe laws of his country rendered vain the hope of ever being united to the being whom he adored, even should he ever behold the beauteous stranger again. His ardent imagination, and enterprising character, at the same time suggested to him every attempt likely to be crowned with success. What was his surprise to discover that his residence was divided from that of the Ambassador's only by a narrow canal; and the idea of seeing her, if but for a moment, absorbed all other considerations. He succeeded in bribing a French waiting-maid; he obtained admittance, and found himself, ere he awoke from his dream, in the very apartments of Amalia herself. It was midnight, and the object of his search, affected with the same feelings which had drawn him to this desperate act, was seeking some balm and consolation for her troubled thoughts in prayer. Kneeling before the image of the Madonna, prostrated with clasped hands in the act of supplication, she lay still, as one deprived of life, before the Throne of Grace. Lighted by the uncertain glimmering of a lamp, Alvisi approached, and gazed motionless upon the angelic being before him. He could not refrain uttering an exclamation, which startling the lady, roused her from her ecstacy of devotion. Terrified at seeing a man in her presence, she was at first tempted to believe it was some aërial being, or phantom of the brain, perhaps sent by the evil spirit for her destruction, for this was no marvel in a good Catholic state like Venice.

To her amazement, however, the form advanced a few steps, and threw itself at her feet; nay, before she could recover from her wonder, he described with impassioned eloquence his love and his despair, the inconsiderate step which he had taken, and the inevitable death which awaited its discovery. This wild and fearful avowal filled the mind of the young girl with terror. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, as Alvisi ceased! "Unhappy Amalia!—devoted, imprudent man! What madness thus to expose your life and my reputation, and that of my family! Hasten! withdraw from these doors, which

thy daring has profaned; and know that if I wished thy death, my cries would bring upon thee those who could not leave such an insult unpunished." She pointed to the door; Alvisi listened like a man bereft of reason. "I shall die," he replied, in a voice calm with concentrated despair, "for, without thee, life is hateful to my thoughts. Amalia, thou wilt some day, perhaps, remember the devoted Alvisi, and learn to know how great were his sufferings."

He was about to depart in despair, but Amalia beckoned him to return. "It is not thy death that I desire. Live; forget me and this fatal moment for ever."—"To forget is impossible—to love thee is death—thy compassion softens the last harsh moments of my life."—"Live then!" exclaimed the terrified Amalia, "live for my love."

"For thy love? Is Amalia aware of the vow which love must exact from her?" The fair girl trembled at these words; but the image of her lover dying in despair overcame her.—"Yes, for my love," she repeated in a low voice; and while the enraptured Alvisi listened to the thrilling avowal, little dreamed he that the eye of fate was upon him—that a spy of the Inquisition, shrouded in the darkness of the night—dark as the deeds of those who employed him—had watched his every motion.

The next morning he was of course denounced, and dragged, as was reported, before the terrible tribunal. Charged with the high crime of having gained admittance to the house of the French ambassador, he loudly protested his innocence, and declared that he had only that very day arrived in Venice. The inquisitors, accustomed only to be obeyed and dreaded, expressed their astonishment at his falsehood and audacity; his accuser had sworn to his person, and if he did not immediately retract the assertion, death would be the immediate consequence. "Threaten not me with death; I defy and scorn it as I do you, for I am innocent; and, instead of dishonouring my country, in the least offence, I have spent my life in defending it. Talk not to me—but talk to your own coward hearts and tremble, and turn pale, as ye do now, at the name of death. I have defied it at Lepanto, and a thousand places where you dared not to show your black-hooded visages, and blacker hearts; and now to death with me, if you dare lay violent hands upon the innocent, and Heaven, in its good time, will amply avenge my fate."

"Away with him! away with the impious blasphemer!" and Alvisi was borne from the spot, beheaded, and his body exposed between the two columns of the Piazzetta, with the following short but expressive inscription:—"For a State Crime." The people were struck dumb with the sight; the friends and relatives, and companions in arms of the Alvisi gave themselves up publicly to despair, and Venice became a scene of mourning. The same evening Amalia was standing at a window of her father's palace, from which she could perceive the Grand Canal, and all her thoughts were

fixed upon Alvisi. Suddenly appeared a long procession of gondolas, illumined with funereal torches, and, at the same time, came a sad and solemn dirge borne upon the silence of the night. It was the prayer of peace for the dead. A strange presentiment crossed the soul of the pensive Amalia. "That is the funeral of a noble Venetian, beheaded for high treason," was the reply to the terrified lady's question; and the next moment she heard the name of Alvisi, and heard no more. The same instant she would have fallen, and been dashed to pieces upon the marble pavement, when a strong arm encircled her, and drew her from the fatal spot. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed, "they have murdered my brother, who resembles me so closely, and who returned but yesterday from sea. The secret hell-hounds have robbed me of half my life, so secretly, that not a soul knew that it was done. Blessed Heaven! what a price I have paid for you! but let us fly, let us for ever leave these fatal and disastrous shores." The next day the Ambassador missed his daughter, and it was in vain he solicited her restoration from the Grand Duke of Florence.

ELOPEMENT OF BIANCA CAPPELLO.

> Turn to the annals of a former day,
> Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
>
> BYRON.

THE story of Bianca Cappello, alike the theme of the poet, the historian, and the novelist, is so well known to general readers, that for the present occasion we shall require little beyond a simple episode of it, that which relates to her elopement. It in itself forms an incident in Venetian history which need borrow no charm from the imagination, disclosing a wild and dark intrigue, or rather a series of intrigues, in perfect keeping with the annals of the state. During the dogeship of Niccolo Daponte flourished the noble lineage of the Cappelli, a family which had attained its honourable station in the republic, with its extensive connexions, by its own brilliant exploits. It was a house already famed for the beauty of its daughters, but none had equalled that of the charming Bianca, daughter of Bartolommeo, who in his fond hopes already allied her with the loftiest and most powerful family of Venice. But love and fancy, the sworn foes of ambition, aided by chance, directed the maiden's wishes to another object; a Florentine youth, of handsome person, who filled no higher office than that of cashier, under the patronage of an uncle, in the wealthy bank of Salviati, situated near the Palazzo Cappelli. His name was Pietro Buonaventura, and he had certainly the good fortune of being the favourite suitor of the loveliest among all the lovely. In order to secure the object of his passion, Pietro had the good tact to conceal his obscure birth; and succeeded in making Bianca believe that he was no less than the nephew and partner of the rich bankers, while he was a mere paid official. Of an impassioned nature and strong character, Bianca was not a girl who could love by rule; she must enjoy the society of him whom she preferred; no common obstacles could deter her, and frequently after her family had retired to rest she left her father's house and returned unobserved. One night, however, having staid beyond her accustomed hour, she found on approaching her own door, which she had left ajar, that it was closed. To knock would be at once to proclaim her disgrace, and incur the fury of an incensed father; yet to await the result, to stay where she was, in Venice, was equally hopeless.

In the urgency of a moment so fraught with opposite dangers, Love cast his weight, though light as he is esteemed, into the scale, and she decided upon abandoning her home, perhaps for ever; she went back and threw herself into the arms of Buonaventura.

Together they entered a gondola, and having gained terra firma, they proceeded with the utmost rapidity towards Florence.

The Tuscan duchy at that time was still under the nominal sway of Cosmo de' Medici, but the government and all virtual authority had devolved upon his son Francesco, to whose protection the fugitives immediately had recourse on their arrival.

But in vain did the young prince attempt to use his good offices in their favour: the indignation of the lady's family was too great. Her father, disappointed in his projects of ambition, deceived and abandoned by that daughter in whom his fondest hopes and affections had been garnered up, felt that revulsion of heart and feelings which turns love to hatred, and poisons, as it were, the very founts of hope and joy. He would brood for days over the deep disgrace which had fallen upon his house, which had sullied its honour, and contaminated the stream of his hitherto unstained blood. He renounced all further connexion with her shame, and muttered vows of deep and signal revenge. His friends, among whom ranked his brother-in-law, Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileia, instead of allaying, applauded his fierce resolution. Their first step was to procure the incarceration of Pietro's unhappy uncle, who vainly protested his entire innocence, even as regarded the slightest knowledge of the amour, and died miserably of a broken heart a few months after his imprisonment. Next, representing to the Ten that the disgrace of the Cappelli involved in it an unpardonable affront to the whole body of Venetian nobility, they obtained an edict, inflicting perpetual banishment on Buonaventura, and offering a price of 2000 ducats for his head.

Meantime, the frequent and continued sight of Bianca, her fear, her grief, her defenceless state, added to her singular beauty and rare accomplishments, struck the imagination and engaged the affections of Francesco de' Medici. He loved, and did not plead in vain; yet, pending a negotiation of marriage with Johanna of Austria, to whom his faith was already plighted, the indulgence of his passion was concealed from the public eye.

No sooner, however, were the nuptials of Francesco completed, than regardless of his bride, he appointed Pietro his master of the robes; established Bianca magnificently in a palace adjacent to his own, and entertained her in the style and character of an avowed mistress. Whether his master of the robes at the outset considered this in the nature of a bargain, and contentedly bartered his honour for Francesco's patronage, and afterwards, manifesting a troublesome jealousy, was dispatched by his master's orders, or the hatred of his Venetian enemies at length gratified itself by his death, it is certain that in about seven years after his arrival in Florence he was found assassinated in the streets.

Every hour now added to the infatuated prince's weakness, and to Bianca's influence; and not satisfied with relying upon her rare natural endowments, upon her unrivalled personal charms, her wit and elegance, her playful vivacity, and those thousand little winning caprices, which moulded the enamoured Francesco completely to

her will, besides some elevated qualities, which her bitterest enemies are compelled to admit—she is reported to have called to her aid a Jewish hag, who made pretence to more than human powers. This creature is said to have gathered round her a whole gang of charlatans and astrologers, all employed in preparing philtres and other love-spells to increase and perpetuate the passion of the devoted Francesco.

The lover of Bianca had now come into possession of the ducal sceptre, and, doubtless at the instigation of the lady, he had taken measures to be freed from the ties of marriage. The splendid entertainment afforded at his court to a brother of his mistress, and the unlimited confidence which he appeared to repose in him, not only alienated from him the affections of his subjects so far as to produce serious revolt, but aggravated the sufferings of his neglected consort, and closed them by her death in premature child-birth.

The final object of Bianca's ambition was now of easy attainment; many years before, even during the lifetime of her husband, and at the commencement of the Duke's infatuated passion, she had received and given a solemn promise, that when both were released from their existing bonds, they would perpetuate their connexion by every sanction which the marriage law would afford. Nevertheless, some remaining sense of shame, the urgent representations of the Cardinal de' Medici, and the fear of heightening the disaffection among his people, restrained Francesco at first from consummating his disgrace. For a short time he absented himself from Florence, and pledged himself to renounce all future connexion with Bianca. Yet, before two months of widowhood had expired, he privately married her, without revealing the secret even to his brother; nor was it till he had a sharp attack of illness, when the good Cardinal remonstrated against the gross scandal of the constant attendance of a mistress at a time when he might be lying on his death-bed, that he avowed her to be his legitimate wife, and pleaded to him the son whom she had borne him, in extenuation of his apparent folly.

To the Duke's subjects, however, these ill-omened nuptials were not declared till the year of customary mourning had closed; and then, in order that no formal ratification of his union might be wanting, the Grand Duke resolved to conform to that usage of Venice which prohibited the intermarriage of a foreigner with any of her noble families, and to demand Bianca, not as a daughter of a Cappello, but of St. Mark himself.

A splendid embassy was accordingly dispatched to the Seignory, declaratory of the Prince's desire to ally himself with Venice in preference to any other European state, and praying that his consort might be affiliated or adopted as a daughter of the Republic, in order that the Grand Duke also might claim the privileges, and discharge the duties of an adopted son.

Upon this proposal to so politic a state as Venice, the former dishonour and flight of Bianca, and even their own acts, were all buried in oblivion; and not only by the

public authorities, but by her own family. In a brilliant assembly of the Seignory, the Councils, and the other public functionaries, and amidst a throng of delighted and approving relatives, the lost, the slighted, the persecuted Bianca, was formally recognised as the true and particular daughter of the Republic; and, still more admirable—on account, and in consideration, of the many distinguished qualities which rendered her worthy of every good fortune; while, in order to meet with corresponding feelings, the esteem which the Grand Duke had manifested towards Venice by this, his most prudent resolution, salvoes of artillery, bonfires, and illuminations, proclaimed the universal joy. The father and the brother of the new-born Child of the State were created Cavalieri, and allowed precedence before all others of their class.

To add, if possible, to the exceeding triumph of Bianca, and the humbling recantation of all her enemies, including the most fierce and vindictive of her relatives—always, in misfortune, a man or woman's most irreconcilable foes—the base and cringing Seignory condescended to visit the Florentine envoys privately, and the Senate offered their congratulations with every formality and ceremony of the State. Nay, two of the gravest noblemen, supported by ninety gentlemen of rank, each accompanied by a magnificent suite, were deputed to put Bianca in possession of her newly-acquired rights, and to assist at the second nuptials, which Francesco determined to celebrate with public solemnities. To crown the hollow farce of Venetian state dignity, but the real and splendid triumph of the successful Bianca, the Patriarch himself, and all the chief Cappelli, transferred themselves to Florence, as delighted witnesses of the glory of their house; and as if nothing should be wanting to consolidate its aggrandisement, the consent of the Holy See was obtained for Bianca's public coronation; that she might be placed upon an equality with the former adopted daughters of St. Mark, the Queens of Hungary and of Cyprus.

In perusing the details of this strange instance of Fortune's wild caprices, of which the preceding sketch forms only a short episode from the history of the celebrated Bianca, one is almost tempted to believe that the lady bespoke the services of the Jewish hag and her necromantic relatives, to good purpose. Certain it is, that few instances upon record of princely infatuation and delusion, can vie with the apparently strong and persevering attachment of Francesco to the accomplished refugee of Venice. Perhaps other causes might be assigned for this phenomenon of fidelity in a prince; it was the result, most likely, of terror—of the submission of a feebler intellect to the stronger; he may not have been the author of Pietro's death—and who was? The person evidently most interested in his death was Bianca, not Francesco; he had all he could wish for before; and had to encounter a host of difficulties in consequence of the assassination of Pietro. Was he not in dread of sharing the same fate?

LADY VIOLA AND HER TUTORS.

Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand:—She has a leathern hand,
A freestone colour'd hand—I verily did think
That her old gloves were on; but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.

As You Like It.

That most brilliant and animated of all Venetian spectacles, the state espousal of * the sea, had attracted the beauty and gallantry of Italy, throughout its wide-spread sway, into the heart of the once populous and splendid capital. Among other arrivals, that of Francesco, a descendant of the illustrious Morosini of the same name, with his tutor, the learned Ottavio Morelli, from his travels, and who took up his residence at his kinsman's, Marco Barberigo, was none of the least bruited in the patrician journals of the day.

The pride of his heart and house, the fair Viola, combined within herself all the attractions and accomplishments that the most fastidious patrician taste, even of a Barberigo, could have desired—wit, beauty, grace, added to a singular fascination of manners—something more *piquant* than the handsomest features in the world. That she should be conscious of her powers of witchery, and apt sometimes to employ them like the grand inquisitors, or the Ten themselves, by putting her lovers to the question, instead of their putting it to her, and showing as much tyranny and caprice as the Lady of the Isles, or the sea itself, in her variable moods, is no marvel, at least in a patrician heiress—an only daughter—courted and flattered till she became the "cynosure of all neighbouring eyes." Suitors of every rank and degree—for despotic power includes all ranks—after helping to fill her trains, and swell her triumphs, had been summarily disposed of to make room for other victims: this is a kind of vanity that is quite insatiable. Unluckily, however, for the permanence of its supreme sway, the same little deity of which it so often makes a mere laughing stock, to multiply not his triumphs, but the lady's own, has at times called down a signal retribution and punishment by teaching the worsted, like other great conquerors, how to fight at last with the same weapons they have themselves employed. In other words, this justly incensed power treated her as she had treated others, and at length put her to

(—* See engraving. La Gita del Bucentoro al Lido col Doge e col Senato nel Giorno dell' Ascensione, N° 13.

the torture, as she had specially inflicted it upon hundreds, by making a single wound instead of a mutual one, and placing her affections where it seemed little likely that she would meet with a return.

It was natural she should seek the glory of chaining to her triumphal car, the son of the great conqueror of the Peloponnesus, one of the last, and almost the greatest that Venice ever produced. Francesco was, perhaps, the handsomest, as well as the most accomplished young noble of his time; but his manner was reserved, and with remarkable delicacy of taste and sentiment, he had equal power over the expression of his passions and emotions. It was impossible he could be wholly insensible to the surpassing charms of the daughter of his father's friend and companion in arms; but his admiration was mingled with sorrow, pity, and indignation at observing her vanity, and excessive love of power — the sole blemish of her wondrous beauty and rare accomplishments.

It was in vain she sought, however, by every art of which she was mistress, to captivate the eye, or fire the heart, of her father's young and noble guest. Disappointed vanity, vexation, and at length a feeling stronger than either, began to trouble her former gaiety and wild joyousness, in the display of her many fascinating wiles and varied powers. She gradually became less animated, by degrees more thoughtful, and at times even moody or sad. She used to support rather than inspire the brilliant company of the learned and fashionable who frequented her father's palace. She no longer was the presiding genius—the grace and charm even of the brightest and gayest.

But this was nothing compared with the change which took place in the sentiments of Francesco on perceiving the gradual alteration of Viola's conduct, displayed in all her manners and deportment; for so greatly in his eyes did this add to every charm which she before possessed, that he was seized with the liveliest and deepest passion, and could with difficulty restrain himself from avowing his unalterable love and devotion. He was only checked by her cold and distant demeanour towards him, and by the mild firm eye of his friend and tutor Morelli, who having formed his character, evidently was as well, or rather better acquainted than himself with the state of his affections. Francesco, too, saw this, and was the first to open to him his whole mind; and it was lucky he did, for had he opened it to the lady instead, in that early stage of reformation, he would have had the whole of the work to begin again. In due time, Morelli proposed that after having witnessed the grand spectacle on the following day, and accompanied the family in their state gondola, they should resume their tour; and, aware of his object, to this the pupil readily acceded, at the same time expressing his intention of avowing his attachment.

Morelli smiled, but strongly combated his resolution, till he was further assured that he had made some little impression on the lady's heart. "Till then," he added, "if you betray your passion, you will destroy the little good we have already done.

Beware, Francesco—I know the sex; she will drag you at her chariot wheels, and you will miss the prize, if you think it one, though I am at a loss to perceive that divinity of beauty you talk of: many as fair as she are in Venice. To my eye she has rather a dowdyish air, and her hands are clumsy, especially if you will observe when she plays the harp. "Heavens!" exclaimed Morosini, "what impiety!—what wickedness!—what treason!—if, indeed, you are not jesting."—"Not so," replied Morelli, "for I am desperately in love with her myself."—"You are!" cried the indignant youth; then checking himself; "but who can wonder at it? for so is all the world," and he fell into a long and sentimental silence—his mild and good-humoured Mentor eyeing him with a half malicious glance. Being a philosophical observer, it was highly amusing to him to mark the mutual airs given themselves by the young people, neither of whom was aware of the passion felt by the other. The fair Viola's affected coldness, hauteur, and real sadness and suffering, and Francesco's impassioned love combating with his natural reserve and self-control, and the Fabian tactics, which it had been agreed it was necessary to adopt.

It was a very well fought and well matched lovers' campaign, that which followed, though not so if the youthful cavalier had not had his sage and more experienced squire at his elbow; he would have been worsted, and himself a captive in the first skirmish which took place. He had often vowed he would summon courage to announce his departure, yet he still lingered, day after day; and Morelli smiled and reproached in vain. At times the lady made a rally, and resumed all her coquettish airs; while Francesco seemed to be wholly absorbed in attentions to her friend and ally, Donna Giuliana, or the lively Diana, when a momentary flash of mingled scorn and jealousy sparkled in the eye and blanched the cheek of the thoughtful Viola. Morosini was in torture, both longed for a truce, and would have had no objection to a regular treaty to close the war.

At length arrived the hour when other young guests and visitors at the festival, humble and crest-fallen as himself, went to pay their farewell devoirs to the lady; for he, too, in despair, and not by way of feint, as his friend advised him, appeared in the state-saloon ready equipped for travel; but he followed mournfully, the most reluctant of the last. The lady paid little heed to the soft adieus of others; her eye was already on Morosini, equipped like his companions, but apart from them engaged assiduously in playing with the feather of his cap. Soon he rallied, advancing with a bold and careless air, though he felt as if about to breathe his last sigh. Their eyes met, and an indescribable expression made Francesco repent his hasty decision; he started, hesitated, and was then hurrying towards the door. Viola turned towards her companions as if to speak; but neither of them could catch a word; her lips trembled, and her cheeks, flushed, then pale, gave evidence of her deep emotion. She seemed to beckon the young cavalier; he stopped, but approached not. "Sir Knight!" she at last exclaimed, in a half jesting, half incensed tone, "will you play the recreant to

honour and hospitality? my father has letters and despatches, and I too—and they are not prepared. You are *his* guest;" adding, with a somewhat lofty and scornful air, "it is of him you ought to take your leave!" At these words, it was with difficulty Morelli restrained his mirth; his sides actually shook with the anticipation; and he bit his under lip sharply. What gave double zest to the scene in his eyes was the rueful and astounded air of poor Francesco, who looked exactly the school-boy prohibited from following his holiday companions, and kept to task, so strongly had the manner of Viola given an antidote to the pleasanter matter. He at once signified his assent by doffing his military cloak, as well as his cap, which he now played with more strenuously than before; while the proud beauty appeared almost upon the point of fainting, after the efforts she had made, her eyes filling with tears, and fixed upon the ground. It was really too bad of Morelli to enjoy a scene like this, but he did so, with the utmost philosophy; and it was only the fortunate arrival of the senator and his friends that freed the young belligerents from their mutual tremors. Another truce was proposed, the venerable Barberigo declaring that he should not be prepared with his letters and despatches to the Morea for at least a week to come. So the father soon retired to write, for Francesco, rallying his courage, declared that a week was the utmost he could allow; the daughter to weep, with a strange and doubtful joy, tears which puzzled her exceedingly to know why she cried. Morelli hastened to give vent to his infinite glee, to the deadly annoyance of his lordly pupil, who asked him what he meant; and seemed inclined to revenge himself on his Mentor, for the evident humiliation and defeat he had suffered at the hands of his mistress. "I mean that I am likely to die if I venture any more to see you both together; it is too great a treat, even for a philosopher,—yes, I shall certainly die; but I beg to congratulate you, my boy, if you want the girl;" and again he presented another picture of laughter, holding both his sides. But there was one thing in his observation which made the lover forgive him; for he thought he saw at least a gleam of hope; still he sighed and feared; for when did "the course of true love run smooth?"—however, he hastened to pull off his travelling dress, and array himself afresh, with more than usual studious care.

It was evening—the glory of an Italian sun yet rested on spire and tower—the air was full of sweet sounds and fragrance, bubbling waters, songs of birds, scents of thousand flowers—in short, it was the hour of love and softness.—

> And if at times a transient breeze
> Break the blue crystal of the seas,
> Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
> How welcome is each gentle air,
> That wakes and wafts the odours there.

Under a bower of odour-breathing shrubs sat the Lady Viola, with her attendants, nor were Francesco and his laughter-loving friend far off. Viola was touching her

lute;—" do you hear her?" said Morelli, " there is no resisting that. We are rivals from this hour!" he exclaimed, with mock gravity and importance,—" we are in the spell of the syren." Francesco started; he was not aware she was so near him;—another prelude, and with the harmonious strings she blended her charming voice. It was a plaintive air; she was sensible of Francesco's approach, and felt piqued that he did not advance, if he did not choose to compliment her performance. Alas! it accorded but too well with his *soft* feelings, as his friend observed; who, as his pupil seemed not to have the power of doing justice to such feelings, inquired, with a smile, if he should take on himself to explain them to the lady on his behalf. Even this failed to rouse the youth; he pressed his hand upon his heart, tears glistened in his eyes—another moment he had thrown himself at her feet, and lost all; for she had half vowed a deadly retaliation, when she once had him in her power. Luckily, too, his back was turned by Morelli's contrivance, and she could not see his emotion, though she could have killed the poor fellow with her eyes for being present, for she had a shrewd suspicion he was Francesco's lieutenant-general, and conducted his movements during the whole of the campaign.

" Now I will declare my love at last," cried Morosini, with infinite magnanimity and resolution, at the same time preparing for an attack.

" Holy Virgin! bethink yourself," whispered his Mentor. " Most noble Signor, rally your strength; concentrate—sound a retreat. Don't turn your face, as you value her love; don't listen to her—shut your ears—shut your eyes—and shut your mouth, most of all. Be great—show yourself ' a deaf adder to the power of the charmer,' or that singing will be your sorrowing. Try to hum a tune yourself, or she'll make you dance to a tune you little wot of;—'tis one of her deadliest snares. That's bravely! whistle again and you are safe. There, come this way, noble Signor," clutching hold of his bewildered pupil, still trying to draw nearer and nearer the enchanted circle, like a mouse under the eye of a rattle-snake. But at each step the lady's tones grew more touching; Francesco grew paler and weaker, and he could only murmur, " Let me perish, Ottavio, if you love me; let me only live to tell her that I am dying for her." Luckily a fine bed of roses came to Morelli's aid. " See," he cried, " what splendid flowers! the pride and glory of Lady Viola's garden. Look at that streaked tulip, how magnificent!"—at the same time dragging the bewitched youth farther and farther. " Look at that rose; there's a noble beauty! and here, a little farther, here's a wonder for you!"

" Beautiful, indeed," muttered Morosini, not seeing *one*. " Oh, what an enchanting voice! what—what——"

As the friends retired, the Lady Viola dashed aside her harp, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. It was too bad—not even to notice or approach, but rather studiously to avoid—and to dwell upon the charms of roses and lilies, when they ought to have been contemplating their colours surpassed in another direction; when, too,

she was throwing her whole heart and soul into the magic vocal powers which she knew how to command, and when the proudest and noblest of Venice would have flown enraptured, and bowed their allegiance at her feet.

The slighted beauty's damsels gathered round, and tried to alleviate her trouble. Not a few meaning glances passed between the ladies Diana and Giulietta, which were reflected with as significant pinches and pushes by her attendants. But Lady Viola declaring she had an attack of megrims, suddenly became as merry and *enjouée* as she was before angry; and after railing, in good set terms, at boys and their tutors, she soon contrived to dismiss them all, and sunk into one of her unaccountable calm and pensive moods. At times her eye flashed, and her bosom heaved, while deep sighs and fresh tears bore witness to the intense emotions of her proud spirit.

As the morn rose over the clear blue waters, she stole, as if to hide her griefs from every eye, farther, farther into the green recesses. At the extremity of the little wilderness she caught the sound of music, and there sat Francesco, with his friend listening at his side, in apparent raptures; for he really sung and played in a very pleasing style. Viola's companions had often extolled the extreme sweetness and beauty of his voice, and now she thought she had never heard it half so delightful before. Indeed, he touched the guitar with a passionate feeling that vibrated through her every sense and nerve. He could not suppose that the lady was near, and listening; but she might let him know, and, oh! what a glorious opportunity for a slighted lady's revenge. It was evident he was singing in his best style; the lady Viola summoned a forced smile of disdain; and, though without a tutor, contemptuously turned away. A flash of triumph lighted her eye; it was a glorious effort. She tried to hem! and make her voice and footstep heard, as if to show him what she could do; but, ah! again great Love assailed her. She half repented. She drew nearer with beating heart and glowing cheek, and gazed unseen upon that noble and gentle—that exquisitely chiselled and handsome face. It was now full of *soft* expression, as his friend termed it; but it was an expression that held her fancy spell-bound and captive, as in a trance. He was chaunting a plaintive air; it was not to her, but to the moon, which he ogled in so interesting a manner as almost to make Morelli split his sides, though he felt really pleased with his fine execution.

"What a handsome cavalier that is!" whispered a sweet voice behind her; "and what a voice—how full—how divine—" and the Lady Viola could only sigh a response. "Happy she," continued Lady Giuliana, "who gains so noble a being for her husband; she need not envy any king on the face of the earth." Viola frowned, bit her lip, and retired to her apartments, in full view of the two friends on whom she had bestowed not a passing notice; but it was not to sleep. A thousand strange and new sensations, full of disappointed bitterness, yet mingled with dreamy joy and rapture, filled her conscious bosom, for she now truly felt what she had so often inflicted—she loved! Oh, that wondrous handsome face! Yet she resolved to dismiss him finally—even without

her father's letters and despatches, or any commands of her own, except to go—on the very morrow.

The morrow came, and so it went—Francesco was still at the palace. There was always some little excuse to detain him from day to day; her companions and attendants could not make it out, though they exchanged smiles very significantly, for she had quite forgot to frown and to scold, and to play the tyrant. To astonish them more she grew shy; she blushed and became pale, and as was emphatically described by her tire-woman, Laura, "all of a heap;" and yet she would abuse poor Francesco and his friend more than ever. Be sure that all this afforded a fresh fund for the cruel philosophical Mentor, who felt so amused that he kept a regular journal of the affair, which, instead of taking with him into the other world, he was so generous as to leave behind him for the benefit of his friend the writer.

Meantime the lady spared no pains to bring the hardened wretch to her feet—no longer from vanity, but from a yet more absorbing and irresistible passion. Instead of laughing, she would now have wept with joy could she have seen him there; for the nobler and finer passion had almost wholly obliterated the weaker and more paltry; and instead of scorning him, she began heartily to scorn and hate herself, for having lost hours which might have been devoted to sincere and glorious love. Her thousand enchanting spells were all gone, and Francesco, with the help of his Mentor, had evidently the advantage. She no longer gave way to little gusts of passion, and to caprices of various kinds, as heretofore; she selected the most pensive and melancholy for her companions; and she heard them converse of Francesco, his fine air, and noble qualities, without frowning or ridiculing all ideas of fidelity and love.

Another delightful evening she was suddenly joined by Francesco in the palace gardens, and this time he was without a Mentor. The lady's features wore a syren's sweetness; she had taken up her lute, and it, too, was a sad and plaintive air. She ceased, and Francesco, casting himself at her feet, poured forth the most passionate declaration of his love. A flash of pleasure—of triumph—lighted up her fine eyes. She gazed with gratified pride for a moment, and the next sunk weeping into his arms.

What need of words? the last stratagem of the gentle, laughter-loving, and philosophic tutor was played; the proud and scornful beauty was reclaimed; he had completed his tutelage of two pupils instead of one, and surrendered his commission without alarm, into the hands of the gentle and devoted bride, and one of the most grateful and happiest of lover-husbands in all Venice.

The sun shone in all his splendour; scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the bright blue waves; not a cloud dimmed the dark purple sky; it was the last evening of the ducal festivities, and the Doge was about to close them with celebrating the nuptials of the son of the famed Peloponnesian warrior with the fair daughter of the lofty house of Barberigo.

Seated in the dark yet splendid gondola of the family, the interior adorned like the gayest and prettiest boudoir in a princely palace, sat the mild benignant tutor, no longer suspected or dreaded for his Fabian tactics by either party; on one side the young and lovely bride, on the other the fond delighted Francesco, who had long before lost the name of pupil in that of friend. As they were proceeding towards the ducal palace, there came borne over the Grand Canal the sounds of the vesper song—the hymn of the angelis rung from the tower of the Campanile, when the young bride taking up a little hand organ, accompanied it with the tender and touching words of the *Ave Maria.*

Having been joined at the columns of the Piazzetta* by the Senator Barberigo, the bride's father, Morelli, to gratify them both, and addressing himself to the lady, entertained her with an account of the great exploits of his pupil's ancestors, the old Morosini, not forgetting those of the Grand Francesco, called *Il Peloponesiaco*, from the splendour of his triumphs over the Turk in Greece, and which gained him that magnificent monument in the grand hall of the Scrutinio; besides medals, pictures, and statues, to commemorate his enduring fame. He told of the memorable defence of Candia, which made Francesco's eyes sparkle with heroic fire, and the brilliant Viola still prouder of her choice; he spoke of his clemency, of his generosity to the inhabitants, for whom he furnished vessels to carry them and their children from the hated yoke of the Ottoman, that they might still live under the Christian sway and protection of the republic.

For the celebration of the Doge's marriage feasts, which would occupy far more space than a modern Lord Mayor's, we must be content to refer to the numerous publications upon the subject.* Suffice it to say, that the happy Francesco and his bride flourished ere Venice lost the glory she had so grandly won, or was reduced to pledge her nobility to her plebeian citizens and strangers, to raise wherewith to carry on her disastrous wars with the Turk, whose scimitar soon spread desolation throughout those Greek isles and provinces—the cradle of the arts.

* Le Feste di Venezia. Lettere su Venezia. Darú. Sismondi, &c.

— How fade, those momentary dreams
Of bliss? — in life's stern ocean-roar?—
The bridal wreath — the honey-moon,
Sweep by, how soon, — and all is o'er. — †

* See plate N°3, for the Columns of the Piazzetta.

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SUNSET.

View from VENICE, over the Lagoon, West. — San Giorgio, in alga, a Convent, in front, in the distance the Euganean hills.

Do fade, our momentary gleams
Of bliss, in life's stern ocean roar? —
~~Its~~ reptile miseries, poison thorns,
And burning sands, we travel over. —
These blister, on our weary way. —
Yet compensating GOOD, is found,
By him who travels boldly on,
With trust in GOD. by duty, bound. —
This grand Creation round us, teems
With simple pleasures, glorious sights. —
And yields to him whose mind is large,
Rewards, for all his struggles, — Sights. —

So thinks JB.

Dickens, writes thus of Venice, to Lady Bl

at expectations of Venice, but they fall immeasu
derfet reality, The short time I passed the
re, I hardly think it possible exaggerate it
interest, its uncommon novelty and freshne
ot and one realizations of the "Thousand an
ascely captivate and enchant me more the

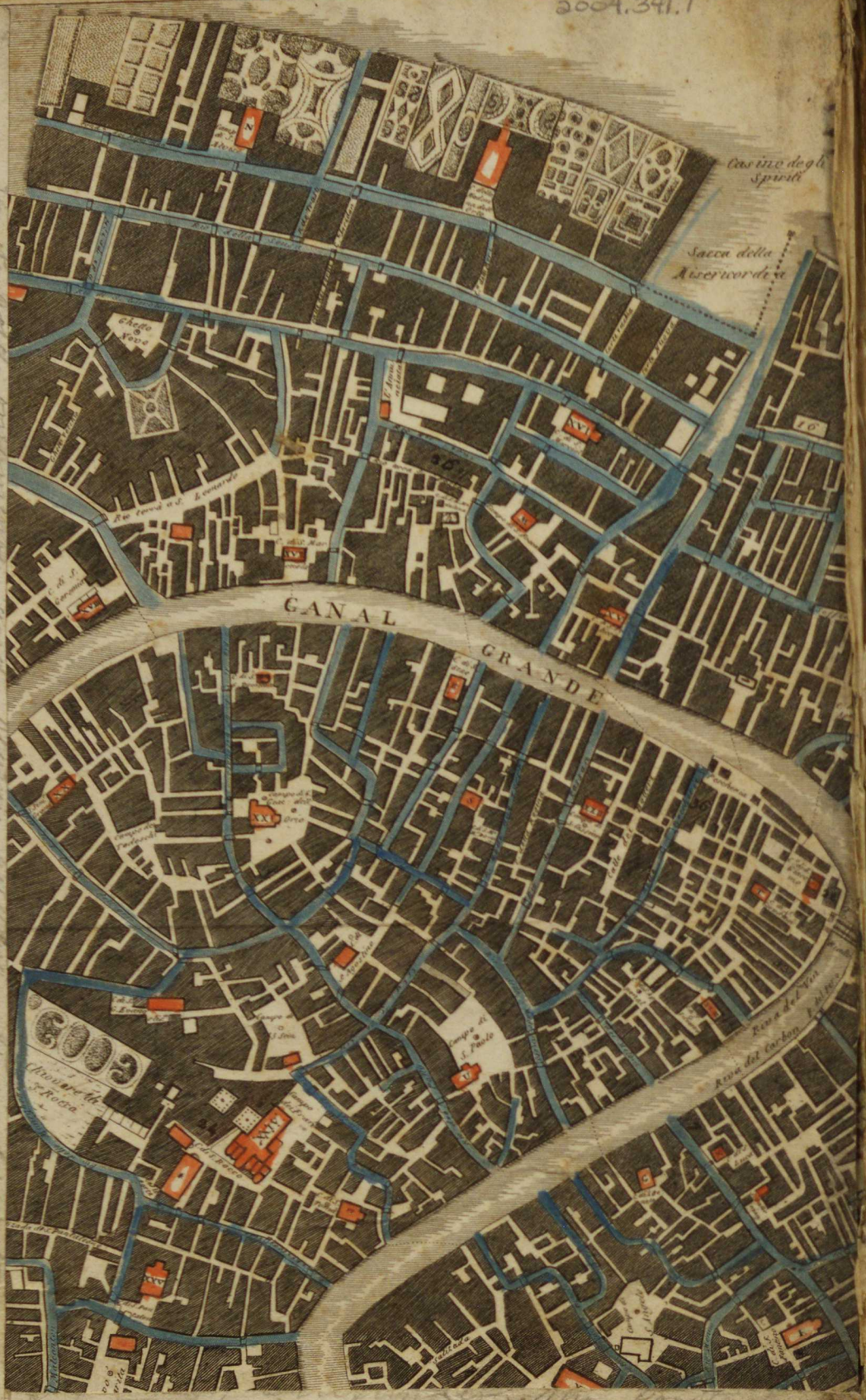
---

verse all this, for no other City, no other
action, labour, and thoughts, — of the trio
thronging memories of departed greatnes
me as Venice I have travelled much
the beauties of Nature, and Art, Bu
ffer, have furnished me with such hint
s, as Venice, Pictures I recal at will
my stormy trail, — And I can sit do
Piazza di Scan Marco, and the whole go
ce of her departed glories, and fresc
again around me like a Fairy scen

"Where Fancy, like the finger of the Cl
Runs the Great Circuit, and is still at

I Butler

Scenes so absorbing as Venice has been, and is, to m
photograph themselves on my brain in lines of fi
Great Time, cannot raze them out, while Memory



Brighton Nov. 20 18

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Venice, —

monument
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have so
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of pleasing
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man

Venice, of the Brave old Dandolo
Doge! — The Ducal Palace
ories, some comic — For more of Ages
from The well known fate of
Scenes Terra

The City of Venice is surrounded with forts and Batteries, founded on piles driven into the Lagoon — so are all the Palaces and Churches of Venice, the magnificent church of Della Salute, stands on 1,200,000 piles driven into the soft soil. — Like Amsterdam, she is built on the "tops of trees," their ancient pile-driver, was like ours commonly used at present. — — — *

The Rialto, is the only Bridge that spans the Grand Canal — Venice, that to Lord Byron, seemed fast sinking in the mud of her choaked Canals, has revived since that lowest depth to which she sunk, she is yet a most magnificent City; her canals have been cleared and deepened; her public Edifices repaired, her downward plunge arrested — her Commerce revived in some degree, — her rail Road, facilitates the crowd of wealthy Travellers who daily arrive and depart, She has been, is, and will be, the Mecca, of the Scholar and the man of Taste; and we may say of Venice, with more propriety than the French says of Paris, "he who has not seen her, has seen Nothing" — Standing on the Square of St Mark, long ages of Historic Memories come flooding over the mind — The copper Horses of Lysippus over the splendid entrance of the Cathedral of St Mark recal 22 Centuries of their Strange Vicissitude and travel — The Bronze [illegible] the Rome

* since this was written I have seen and description of a light ornamental Fountain over the Grand Canal from the Campo di San Stefano, to the Academia della Belle Arte, — it adds a rumble on foot from the Place of the Gallery of Fine Arts [illegible]


Canale che viene da Mestre
Battery S. Marco
Casino degli Spiriti
Sacca della Misericordia
Punta di S. Giobbe
GANAL GRANDE
Sacca di S. Chiara
CANAL GRANDE
Punta di S.ta Chiara
Nuova Fabbrica dei Tabacchi
Spiaggia di S. Marta
Riva della Zattere

"She looks a Sea Cybele, fresh spring from Ocean
Rising with her Tiara of Proud towers." Byron

The Piazza, or St. Marks Place is 575 feet long by 269 broad. — The Piazzetta, from the square to the mole in front of the columns of St. Mark, is 300 feet long by 100 broad —

N T

L E

W P

O

Canals Blue
Churches Red
Streets White

The bridges are all wooden
The canals — The Rialto
Being the only one on the
Grand Canal —

The Grand Canal, is called by the gondoliers — Canalazzo — since I was in Venice, an iron Bridge has been thrown over the canalazzo, from Campo San Stephano to the Academy of Fine Arts — As marked red there —

Canale che va a Murano
the Islands and Battenice
in this direction — one mile
and beyond, the Adriatic sea
& shut out by Islands!
the sea is here distant
about 7 miles

Le Fondamenta Nove

La Cava Tarizza

Darsena Novissima Grande

Darsena Arsenal nuovo

Porta Nuova

Canalazzo

Punta di Quintavalle

Fort St. Nicolas
the Lido, is a
mile and a half
in this direction
the sea 2 miles

Strada della dei Giardini

Squeri da Nove

La Piazza Il Sepulcro

PIAZZA DI S. MARCO

Le Colonne

Giardino Real

Austrian Frigate

Dogand
da Mare
Custom house

Entrepot dock of
Porto Franco

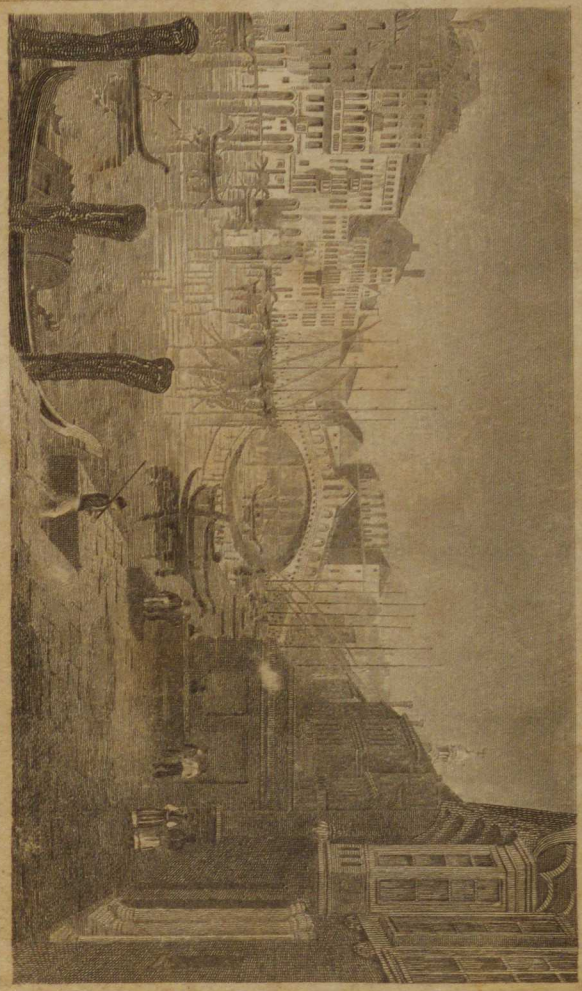
Venice

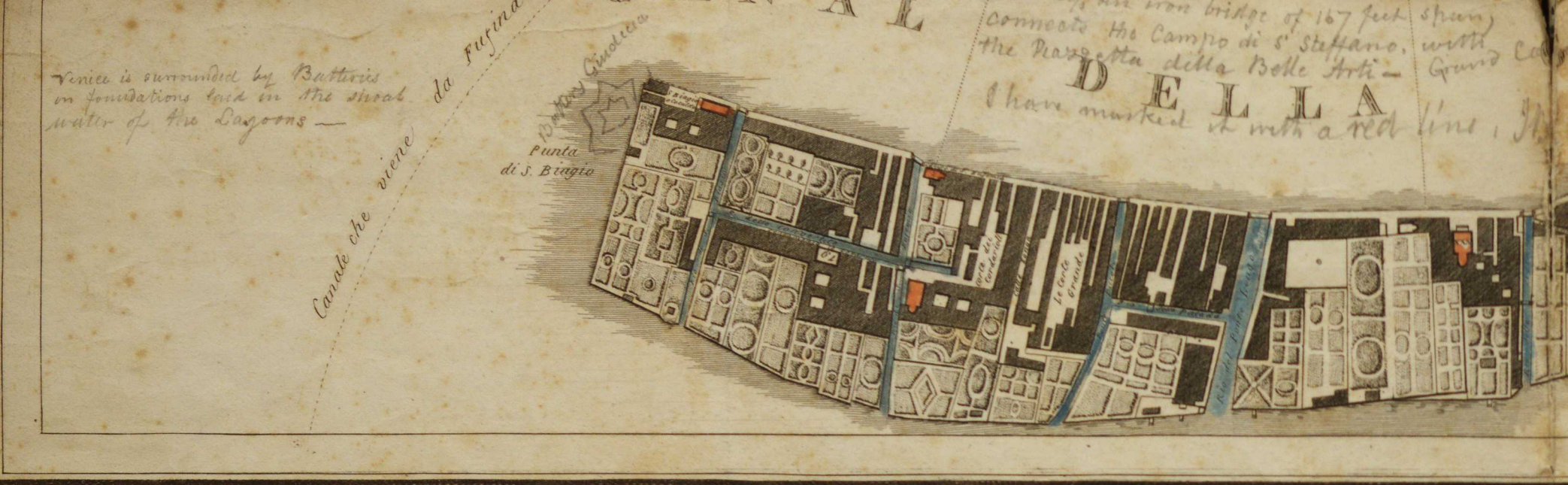
Italy

The views here given are as accurate as a Daguerreotype and colored to the life — they give as perfect a representation of the localities as the pencil or graver, can effect.

From Lido, a narrow strip of land extends S.S.W. to Malamocco 10 miles — Thence another strip extends to Palestrina — and Chioza, 12 miles and continues S.E.


Canale che va a Murano
Le Fondamente
Arsenal
PIAZZA DI S. MARCO
Giardino Real
Dogand
da Mare
Custom house
Entrepot dock of
Porto Franco





PIANTA TOPOGRAFICA DELLA R.A CITTÀ DI VENEZIA

Al Nobile Uomo Francesco Calbo Crotta,

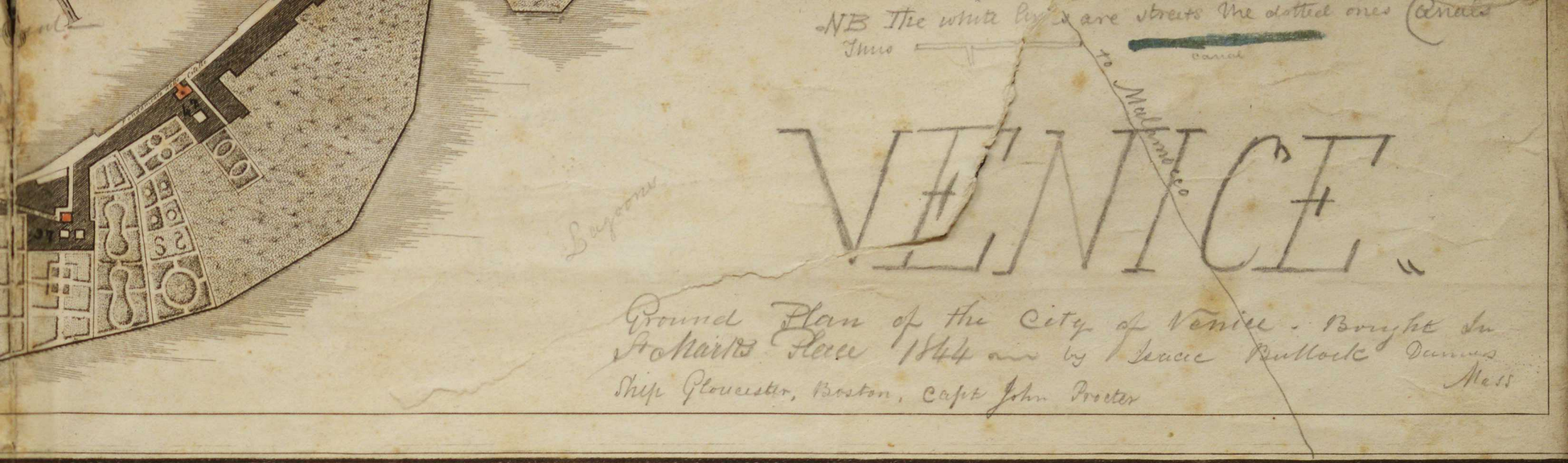
Luoghi Pubblici

1 Palazzo Reale, e Residenza dell'I.R. Governo
2 Palazzo Ducale, Residenza dei Tribunali Civili e Borsa de Mercanti
3 Palazzo Patriarcale
4 id.m della Delegazione
5 uf. dell'I.R. Ispezione Centrale d'acque e Strade
6 uf. della Direzione Generale del Censo
7 uf. della Direzione Generale delle Poste
8 I.R. Bibliotecca
9 I.R. Tribunale di Sanità
10 I.R. Ragioneria Centrale
11 Congregazione di Carità
12 I.R. Direzione Generale di Polizia
13 Ufficio ipoteche, e delle pompe pegl'incendj
14 Capitaniato del Porto.
15 I.R. Accademia delle Belle Arti
Academy of fine arts
16 I.R. Liceo Convitto di S. Catterina
17 Ateneo veneto.
18 I.R. Scuole del Ginasio
19 S. Lorenzo I.R. Casa di lavoro volontario
20 I.R. Zecca
21 I.R. Rafineria
22 I.R. Direzione Generale del Demanio
23 I.R. Amministrazione del Lotto
24 Archivio Generale
25 I.R. Direzione, e Fabbrica dei Tabacchi
26 Monte di Pietà
27 La Fenice, Teatro di I. classe
28 Collegio di Canciulle d.te Le Salesiane
29 I.R. Porto Franco S. Giorgio
30 I.R. Direzione Gle. delle Dogane Dazj e consumo
31 I.R. Intendenza di Finanza
32 Dogana di Mare, d.to della Salute
33 id.m di Terra
34 Agenzia dei Sali
35 Prigioni Civili
36 id.m dei Militari
37 R. Casa di forza alla Giudecca.
38 Ospitale Civico d.to dei Mendicanti
39 Ospitale Militare di S.ta Chiara
40 Ospitale de' Vecchi
41 Orfanotrofio della Pietà
42 Pio luogo delle Citelle alla Giudecca
43 Orfanotrofio di fanciulli, alli Gesuati
44 Orfanotrofio di fanciulle, alle Terese

Stabilimenti Militari

45 I.R. Comando di Piazza
46 I.R. Comando della Fortezza
47 I.R. Arsenale di terra e di mare
48 I.R. Direzione del Genio
49 Coleggio di Marina
50 Caserma di Guarnig.e d.to di S. Marta
51 „ di Guarnig.e d.to S. M. Maggiore
52 „ de Coscritti d.to S. Nicola da Tolentino
53 „ di Guarnig.e detta S. Salvatore
54 „ di Guarnig.e d.to del Sepolcro
55 „ di Guarnig.e d.to dei Gesuiti
56 „ de Cannonieri S. Francesco della Vigna
57 „ de Cannonieri Marittimi S. Giustina
58 „ della Flottiglia S. Pietro di Castello
59 „ de Cannonieri Terrestri S. Fran.co di Paola
60 „ dell'I.R. Guarnigione d.to gl'Incurabili
61 „ delle Convertite alla Giudecca

In Milano da Santo Vallardi Editore Piazza de Mercanti, ed in Parigi dallo stesso



CON XIX DE SUOI PRINCIPALI PROSPETTI

Podestà della Reggia Città di Venezia.

Parrocchie Succursali ed Oratorj

I S. Marco	A S. Moisè	a S. Giuliano, b S. Gallo.	XVI S. Marziale	X S. Alvise	i La Madonna dell' Orto
II S. Pietro di Castello	B S. Francesco di Paola	* S. Giuseppe di Castello	XVII Ss. Ermagora e Fortunato		
III S. Francesco della Vigna			XVIII S. Geremia	O S. Giobbe	k Li Scalzi * S. Lucia
IV S. Martino			XIX S. Nicola da Tolentino	P S. Andrea	
V S. Giovanni in Bragora	C S. Antonin	* La Pietà Orfanotrofio	XX S. Simeone Profeta	Q Ss. Simeone e Tadeo	
VI S. Zaccaria	D Ss. Filippo e Giacomo	c S. Giovanni Novo	XXI S. Giacomo dall' Orio	P S. Eustachio	l S. Gio. Decolato
VII Ss. Giovanni e Paolo		* Ospitaletto	XXII S. Cassiano	S S. Mª Mater Domini	
VIII S. Mª Formosa	E S. Leone	d S. Filippo alla Fava	XXIII S. Silvestro	T S. Giovanni di Rialto	m S. Giacomo
IX S. Salvatore	F S. Bartolomeo		XXIV S. Mª Gloriosa de' Frari	U S. Paolo	n S. Tommaso * S. Rocco S.gr
X S. Luca	G S. Benedetto		XXV S. Pantaleone		
XI S. Stefano	H S. Vitale	e S. Samuele	XXVI Sª Mª del Carmini	V S. Barnaba	
XII S. Mª del Giglio	I S. Fantino	f S. Maurizio	XXVII L'Arcangelo Raffaele	X S. Nicolo	p S. Sebº * S. Teresa Orfanotr
XIII S. Canziano	K S. Gio. Grisostomo	g S. Mª dei Miracoli	XXVIII Ss. Gervasio, e Protasio		* Ogni Santi, Pio institut
XIV Ss. Apostoli	L S. Maria dei Gesuiti		XXIX S. Mª del Rosario	Y Spirito Santo	q Li Catecumeni * La Sa
XV S. Felice	M S. Fosca	h S. Mª Maddalena	XXX Ss. Redentore	Z S. Eufemia	* Le Cittelle, Pio instit

Nota. I Numeri Romani, indicano le Parrocchie, le lettere majuscole le Chiese succursali, le minuscole gli Oratorj, e gli asterischi denotano gli Oratorj non Succursa

Boulevard Montmartre N°20, Venezia presso gli Libraj e Mercanti di Stampe